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The Saturday Review

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NOTES.

WE call special attention to a letter which we have received from the late British Agent in Pretoria, Sir Jacobus de Wet, and which appears in our correspondence columns. It seems to us that the charges brought against Her Majesty's Secretary for the Colonies bear the stamp of truth; and we wish to see them met in some way.

No one who knows anything of the working of the House of Commons would dream of holding Mr. Arthur Balfour personally responsible for the further mistakes about the arrangement of Bills last week. On questions of policy, or when a measure of first-rate importance is concerned, the Leader of the House of course exercises his own judgment, after consultation with his colleagues. But when it is a question of setting down minor Bills for certain days—a question, for instance, whether the Uganda Railway Bill is to be taken before or after a certain stage of the Finance Bill—the Leader merely consults the Whips before making a statement to the House. Mr. Balfour was misinformed by those under him whose business it is to look after such details. Still the thing was unfortunate in coming on the top of the Education Bill *fiasco*. Somehow or other, great leaders, political or military, take very good care that they are well served, and their subordinates do not make mistakes. The most dangerous sentiment which any statesman can inspire is pity. And people are now beginning to say, "Poor Balfour! What a pity!"

Infinitely more interesting and important than the Cattle Bill, and the Rating Bill, and the abortive Education Bill was the little Bill whose second reading Mr. Chaplin moved at ten o'clock on Tuesday night, in a modest speech of a few minutes' duration. The Locomotives on Highways Bill will have a far more sensible effect on the comfort and amusement of our daily lives than the more ambitious projects of statesmanship about which so much fuss is made. In the matter of motor cars in the streets we are years behind America and the Continent—as we are in the use of the telephone. But there is one rather important question we should like to ask. Does the Commissioner of Police or the London County Council propose to make any special regulations with regard to the number of cabs and omnibuses, whether drawn by horses or propelled by machinery, to which licences to ply for hire will in future be issued? If not, we foresee that in a short time vehicular progress in the London streets will be impossible.

There are already in the streets more than 10,000 cabs, 2,000 omnibuses, and 1,000 tramway cars. Of the number of vans, carts, and waggons it would be

impossible to form an estimate, though it has been stated that 90,000 vehicles go in and out of the City every day. If there are suddenly to be placed on the streets a number of motor-cabs, motor-buses, motor-waggons, and private auto-cars of every description, the streets will be literally impassable. It is high time that the County Council and the Commissioner of Police put their heads together to consider this point, for it will be absolutely necessary to restrict the competition. The fairest way would be to allot a certain number of licences to each class of public conveyance. Another important question is, will these motor-cars come under the present cab and omnibus law, with regard to fares, &c.? What a sweet-smelling and noiseless paradise London would be without horses! Piccadilly would be again a pleasant street to live in. But had not the Government better give up their Light Railways Bill? What is the use of sinking millions of capital in making light railways if the auto-cars are to cut them out? Mr. Chaplin himself admitted, amidst cheers and laughter, that the motor-cars would be serious rivals of the light railways. We do not know, by the way, whether Dr. Tanner's opposition to the Bill is "meant." But, as there are barely six weeks left of the present Session, it is obvious that an eccentric or opinionated individual might easily prevent the greatest experiment of modern times from being tried, at all events this year.

When Lord Beaconsfield was meditating his escape from the Commons to the Lords, where the style of "Don Juan" was to be exchanged for that of "Paradise Lost," he cast about him for a successor. "What I want," confided the Conservative leader to his intimates, "is a man who can wind up a debate." His eye fell upon Sir William Harcourt, and a visit to Hughenden was the result. However, the negotiations came to nothing, and Sir Stafford Northcote, who assuredly could not wind up a debate, was allowed to break up the Tory party. But Disraeli showed his usual discernment in judging men, for Sir William Harcourt has the faculty of winding up a debate. That is to say, he so speaks, with such weight of manner and exhaustiveness of reasoning, that no one on his own side likes to follow him.

Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, has not got this power of winding up a debate, as was strikingly proved on the third reading of the Agricultural Rating Bill, when he was followed by Major Rasch. The House was crowded for a Wednesday, and the speeches throughout were above the average level—in fact, it was a full-dress debate. Mr. Asquith's speech was in his best style—it was condensed, it was pointed, and the sentences had that balanced and literary form which a man's enemies say "smells of the lamp," but which in these days of verbatim reporting and cheap news-

papers brings in so disproportionately large a reward to the orator. Lawyer called unto lawyer, and Mr. Asquith was answered by Mr. Cripps, Q.C. Now Mr. Cripps, as is well known, made a large fortune in the gallery upstairs, but he has hitherto never done anything to make the House of Commons understand his great reputation at the Parliamentary bar. But the nature of his practice has made him conversant with the law of rating, and being on his native heath, so to speak, he distinguished himself on Wednesday.

The heavy artillery was, as usual, kept in the rear, and reserved for the final encounter. Towards three o'clock Mr. Chaplin rose, and he looked pale and fagged. It is a remarkable fact, as instancing the decline of oratory, that the only man left in the House since Mr. Gladstone's retirement who really knows how to deliver resonant periods is Mr. Asquith. Curiously enough, both Mr. Chaplin and Sir William Harcourt, so different in other respects, have the same antique method of delivery, which consists in a parsonic cadence—a sort of pulpit sing-song. Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. John Morley, who belong to a later school of rhetoricians, both have the academic method of delivery, which consists in a professorial manner, aggressively argumentative, with the gestures of a lecturer. We must not omit Mr. Chamberlain, who has a style of his own. Never attempting the higher flights of rhetoric, Mr. Chamberlain's cool, lucid method of exposition is, in its way, perfect.

But the sing-song delivery must be the vehicle of strong reasoning or moving eloquence—in a word, of intellect. Otherwise it is *tant soit peu* ridiculous. Unfortunately in Mr. Chaplin's case the pulpit delivery is there, but the high order of intellect is wanting. The House will titter at his periods, and his peroration on Wednesday was rather a painful performance. Sir William Harcourt has, as we said, the same old-fashioned style of elocution; but in his case it is sustained by strong reasoning, and relieved by flashes of wit and happy retort. He was rather too long on Wednesday; but he gave the Conservative squires some nasty knocks. Alluding to the depressed condition of various branches of trade, he mentioned "the tin-plate industry." One of the golden, well-dressed youth on the Conservative benches was incautious enough to laugh. "Why," said Sir William Harcourt with withering scorn, "the honourable gentleman who laughs doesn't know what the tin-plate industry is." Equally effective was his hit about the "sturdy beggars." "Indiscriminate charity always does relieve some deserving persons; but the greater portion of the money"—waving his arm towards the rows of sleek and well-dressed Conservatives—"always goes to the sturdy beggars."

For some obscure reason—perhaps for fear of being accused of cynicism—both parties in the House of Commons seem to have agreed to regard the Conciliation Bill, the second reading of which was passed by a majority of 155, against 5, as an excellent and practical measure. Is it not strange that no one on either side mentioned the fact that there is actually in existence an Arbitration Act, and a very strong Act too, which Lord St. Leonards was instrumental in passing some years ago? and is it not also remarkable that in not a single case was advantage taken of this Act? The truth is that neither business-men nor working-men believe in arbitration or conciliation; neither class has ever benefited therefrom. As for the present Bill, it is no stronger and better than its predecessor, which will be repealed if this one becomes law. Why keep up the farce any longer?

What an extraordinary fuss has been made about the Duke de Broglie's article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes"! M. de Blowitz went to the expense of telegraphing no less than half a column of extract and summary to the "Times," which on Wednesday morning devoted a leader of a column to singing the Duke's praises. We really thought every one knew by this time that the Duke de Broglie's opinion on the Egyptian or any other subject carries no weight whatever in

France. He no more counts than did M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire. Yet here we have the "Times" talking about him as "a French statesman of authority and repute." It is perhaps a natural weakness that we should discover merit and eminence in those whose opinion unexpectedly tallies with our own, but in the present instance it is absolutely ludicrous. An article by the Duke de Broglie is as devoid of political importance in France as, say, an article by Mr. Justin McCarthy in England.

But the Duke de Broglie is probably right in saying that after fifteen years it is impracticable to replace Egypt under International control. Moreover, the system of European concert has not succeeded so well at Constantinople as to encourage its transplantation to Cairo. Prince Bismarck is no doubt also right in saying that "condominium," or dual control, never answers, and always ends in annexation. It looks as if there was nothing left but continued British occupation. If the French wished to regain their footing in Egypt, they should have insisted on joining Great Britain in the Soudan expedition, by contributing either men or money. Their action against the Caisse may be legal, but it is not politic. It is absurd to talk of a European Conference on the affairs of Egypt, because England and the Triple Alliance, which constitute the majority of the European Powers, would not agree to such a course.

The principle that a Government accepts the engagements of its predecessor is a sound tradition of our political system. But surely this only applies to international engagements, or undertakings made with the nation, and not to any contract that may be made with a private individual or corporation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer says this Government is bound to ratify, and Parliament to sanction, the agreement made between the late Government and the North British Railway to guarantee 3 per cent. for thirty years on a sum of £260,000 to be expended in making a railway in the Western Highlands. But think of what this proposition involves. A Radical Government might make an agreement with some individual contractor to pay, for some electioneering reason, an extravagant rate of wages, or a ruinous price for material. Parliament is dissolved before the House of Commons votes the money. Are a new Government and a new House to be estopped from revising the contract? By no means. Railway Companies often get their Bills passed by Committees, and then owing to a Dissolution have to prove their case all over again. We do not like this Government guarantee at a higher than the market rate of interest of a railway undertaking which will admittedly be unprofitable for a long time. It smacks of Argentine finance, and is logically the first step towards the nationalization of the railways. As Consols are over 113, as railways borrow at 2½ per cent., and as the County Council issue of £100,000 2½ per cent. Stock has been applied for two and a half times over, and is issued at an average premium of £104 9s. 7d., a Government guarantee of 3 per cent. for thirty years will enable the North British Railway Company to issue this stock at a very high premium.

At last the European Powers at Constantinople are united on one subject—namely, the pacification of Crete; but it may be doubted whether they will do much good. They have demanded the appointment of a Christian Governor, and Georgi Pasha Berovitch has been appointed. No sooner, however, does he arrive, than it is discovered that he is neutralized by the Mahomedan military governor, Abdullah Pasha. The attempt to govern the Turkish Empire by the interference of half a dozen ambassadors can only end in *fiasco*. The only way to govern an empire like that of the Sultan, where two creeds and a crowd of half-civilized races are always fighting, is by means of a despotism in the hands of some Western Power. But if Turkey should ever be properly governed, Othello's occupation would be gone, and the last blow would be struck at that depressed industry, diplomacy. What on earth would become of all our elegant young attachés, secretaries, and rising ambassadors, not to mention the clerks at the Foreign Office?

The best part of Lord George Hamilton's speech in opening the Indian Institute at Oxford was his anecdote about the late Sir George Clerk, "the last of the great patriarchal pro-consuls," as the Secretary of State described him. "You are a young man," said Sir George Clerk to Lord George Hamilton, then Under-Secretary for India, "and what I want you to do is to devote your energy to destroying the Suez Canal and cutting every telegraph wire that connects England with India, and all the telegraph wires inside India; and when you have done that, you must reduce your European army in India to 20,000 men, and then you will be able to test the young Englishman how far he has gone." As Sir William Hunter afterwards observed, Sir George Clerk ought logically to have gone a step further, and proposed to abolish the Secretary of State.

We quite agree with Lord George Hamilton's tribute to the members of the Indian Civil Service, for their government is the justest, the least corruptible, and the firmest in the world. But there can be little doubt that the increasing subordination of the Indian Government to the Secretary of State, and through him to Parliament, is an evil and a danger. The Suez Canal, as Sir William Hunter said, is useful for short leave, and the telegraph wire is convenient for the transmission of domestic intelligence. But there is no question that these facilities of communication have weakened the sense of responsibility and self-reliance, which are the most essential qualities in a governing class. "In our days," Sir George Clerk caustically remarked, "you send out young men far superior to myself in mental equipment, and they go out to a district with a code under one arm and a telegraph wire under the other. They have to enforce their code, and if they cannot, all they have to do is to telegraph for somebody to help them to do so." Such a system is not likely to breed Indian statesmen of the stuff of Hastings, Bentinck, Dalhousie, or Lawrence.

Sir Peter Edlin, formerly known as the Assistant-Judge, but since the passing of the Local Government Act of 1888 the Chairman of the County of London Sessions, has at last got his pension of £1,200 from the London County Council. Sir Peter Edlin's intellectual ability saved him from the mistakes into which he was occasionally betrayed by a hastiness of temper no doubt constitutional. At one time he was not on the best of terms with the Bar, and was frequently squabbling with counsel. But he had no sooner mended his ways in this respect than he fell foul of the London County Council on the very legitimate ground that they refused to give him an increase of salary for the large increase of work that was put upon him by the Local Government Act. He was a good criminal lawyer, and he had one accomplishment which is rare in gentlemen of the long robe—he was a very good linguist, and could deal with most foreign witnesses without an interpreter. It is believed that the new Chairman will have a salary of £2,000, and that two deputies with £1,500 will be appointed. The County Council has nothing to do with the appointments, which are in the hands of the Home Secretary, but the salaries are fixed by the Council.

Englishmen dislike both the theology and the politics of the Vatican, and for very good reasons. The existing coquetry between certain Anglicans and the "Scarlet Woman," under the cloak of a "Reunion of Christendom," would not be important if it were confined to doctrinal philanderings, and the airing of venerable, not to say senile, egoisms. But there are disquieting signs of something more definite and practical underneath. We note the reappearance in the "Times," after a long intermission, of despatches from "Our Vatican Correspondent." When these were last in evidence, Lord Granville and Sir George Errington were conducting a back-stairs intrigue at Rome, the former with a view to secure the aid of the Holy See in crushing the Land League, the latter with a notion that he could obtain as a reward for this aid the establishment of diplomatic relations between the Courts of

St. James and the Vatican. Some such conspiracy seems to be on foot again.

The spirit in which "Our Vatican Correspondent" begins—or resumes—his work on the "Times" is instructive. Like every other sensible English paper, the "Times" has consistently deplored the recent victories which Clericalism has been able to win in Vienna and throughout Austria by its alliance with the rabble of Anti-Semites and Socialists. This combination of bigotries and greeds is now, with the help of Rome, imposing an Ultramontane regimen upon Hungary, which seriously threatens the peace, and even the existence, of the Dual Monarchy. The Press of Buda Pesth denounce these new orders from the Vatican as "an insult to the Primate, the King, and the Episcopate itself," and it is in the English blood to sympathize with this indignation. The "Times'" "Vatican Correspondent," however, holds a brief for the other side, and assures us not only that "much justification may be pleaded for the Christian Socialist party [in Austria]," but that the new Vatican instructions to the Hungarian clergy, against which patriotic Hungary is up in arms, are really most innocent and blameless suggestions, their "chief object being to raise the *status* of the clergy." All this is so flatly opposed to the historic attitude of the "Times" upon the subject, that the suspicion of a fresh Errington intrigue becomes irresistible. Ministers cannot be told too promptly and bluntly that we want no Papal Nuncio in England.

It is to be hoped that the "draw" for stations at Henley will not prevent the settlement of the Venezuela question. If, as seems probable, Yale should take the Grand Challenge Cup to the United States next week, the Americans will be so pleased with us for being beaten by themselves that international relations will be facilitated. The most serious rivals of the Americans are New College, who retain their beautiful form and are extraordinarily fast. When New paddle they appear to clip the finish, and to be short "back," though long forward; but when they row this appearance ceases, and we believe that even at the paddle Whitworth's supposed shortness is mythical and only comes from the perfection of his finish and the lightning quickness of his "hands." The Americans deserve to win because they work harder than do our rowing men, and train better than we do in these days. We expect the defeat of the great paper crews, or crews of names, such as the Trinity Hall first boat, which is a constellation of Cambridge "blues," and the Leander boat, which is equally a constellation of Oxford "blues." If Yale are to be beaten they may possibly, indeed, be beaten by Leander, who are fast in a race, though hideous to behold; but, on the whole, we expect New or Yale to win.

London will win the Stewards', or principal race for four-oared boats, and the Nickalls Cup will be won by the two Nickallses. Vivian Nickalls may win the Sculls, and we should say would win but for the fact that he is rowing in too many races. The next best men are, we fancy, Mr. Guinness, and that Henley phenomenon—the married missionary with three children, including a son of six years old, who will cheer his father over the course—Mr. Swann, formerly of Trinity Hall and Cambridge University fame, who has been for the last eight years in Japan. The Ladies' Plate is as yet an open event, as several of the crews have not yet been seen. One of the crews for the Thames Cup has not yet been seen; but we imagine that Trinity Hall second boat may carry it off. For the Wyfolds we fancy the London second four.

We had occasion recently to mention Mr. Ellis Griffith as a speaker who had made his mark in the House of Commons during the debate on the Education Bill. In the course of the all-night sitting, on Monday, Mr. Griffith made one or two short speeches which produced a very unfavourable impression. He is undoubtedly a man of ability, but his manner is of the worst. He showed an insufferable amount of conceit and self-assertion—two things which the House is little inclined to tolerate. He will have to look to it or the reputation he so quickly gained will suffer.

THE RATING MUDDLE.

THE Government do not seem to be in the least aware of the very dangerous principle they are establishing by providing for the separate rating of land and buildings. The person who is apparently most unconscious of the danger is the President of the Local Government Board. The Agricultural Rating Bill is a measure intended to afford temporary relief to a distressed branch of industry, and it has accordingly been limited in point of time. This temporary measure begins by laying its foundations in certain very vexed and technical problems of local rating, as if they were economic axioms. Mr. Chaplin appears to have no previous knowledge of the considerable body of literature which is extant upon the highly controversial question of whether it is possible to make a separate valuation of buildings and the land that is occupied with them. The principle of rating that is applied to rural holdings to-day will be applied to-morrow to urban holdings. Hence the danger to property in towns arising from this rash admission on the part of the Government that it is possible to separately assess land and houses is very real.

For years the London Radicals advocated the separate assessment of land and houses in order that they might rate the ground-landlords as well as the occupiers. The Conservatives replied, firstly, that the ground-landlords were already rated, inasmuch as in fixing the ground-rent they had to deduct the amount of rates that would probably be levied on the occupier during the term: secondly, that it was practically impossible to separate the value of the buildings from the land with which they were occupied. This very question, amongst others, was referred to the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Town Holdings, which sat from 1886 to 1892, and collected a vast amount of expert evidence. This Committee reported dead against the feasibility of separately rating land and houses. This is what we find at page xx of the Report:—"The feasibility of splitting up the value of an entire property consisting of a house and its site, so as to assign to each element its proper value, is disputed, not only by such witnesses as Sir Thomas Farrer and Mr. Thorold Rogers, but by men eminent in the very profession whose duty it would be to make such valuation. It is admitted that the valuation would have to be made by professional experts, and it is the almost unanimous opinion of the surveyors who gave evidence before the Committee that to adopt the plan suggested by Mr. Moulton—namely, to estimate the value of the land as if it were a vacant site, and that of the buildings at a certain percentage of their cost—would not necessarily give at all an accurate estimate of the annual value of the whole subject-matter. . . . The difficulties and anomalies which would result from the proposed scheme have been illustrated by many actual cases given in evidence. Instances have been given where the annual value of the site alone would be more than double the full rack-rent value of the entire property as at present existing, or where the annual value of the building as estimated on its cost would largely exceed the annual value of the building and site taken together; or, again, where the annual value of building and site taken separately and added together would be considerably less than the rent which the whole property brings in its actual state. We have, therefore, come to the conclusion that the scheme is open to very great objection, on the ground of the difficulty and uncertainty of the proposed system of valuation."

These remarks refer, it is true, to town holdings. But there is no substantial difference of principle between the assessment of rural and urban holdings. The law of rating is the same in town and country, except that exemption from certain sanitary rates is granted to agricultural land. Yet, in the teeth of this Report, which one would have thought was within the cognizance of the permanent officials, at all events, of the Local Government Board, Mr. Chaplin says that this separate valuation is not only possible, but easy, and is made every day. In support of this assertion he quotes the authority of "the clerk to the North Witchford Union, Cambridge," "a gentleman in North Lincolnshire," "the clerk to the district auditor of the Nottingham-

shire Audit district," "the clerk to the Sleaford Rural District Council," and a section of the Lighting¹ and Watching Act of 1833. With all due deference to these anonymous provincial pundits, and allowing due weight to a repealed clause in an obsolete statute, the balance of authority is against Mr. Chaplin; it is indeed.

Three proposals have been made for the separate valuation of buildings and lands. There is Mr. Fletcher Moulton's plan, condemned in the Report quoted above, that the value of the fabric should be estimated at a certain percentage of its cost; there is Mr. Robson's amendment, rejected by the House of Commons, that the value should be taken to be the cost of rebuilding; and there is Mr. Jeffreys's amendment, apparently drafted by Mr. Cripps, Q.C., and carried by the House of Commons, that the assessment should be based on the letting value of the building. Of these the last is the least objectionable, and yet there are grave objections to all three proposals, especially with reference to urban hereditaments. What, for instance, is the letting value of the Imperial Institute? The fabric and fittings cost in round figures £300,000. It was rated first at £4,000 annual value: it is now rated at £15,000. Who can say what is its letting value? Probably nothing. The cost of construction and reconstruction are almost equally absurd bases for assessing buildings. Take the block of squalid and dilapidated offices and shops that adjoin the Foreign Office pile between Parliament Street and King Street. The cost of their construction would be a ridiculous measure of their present value for rating. But how can you rate them at 5 per cent. on the cost of rebuilding them, as Mr. Robson proposes, without knowing on what scale they are to be rebuilt? A good example of the impossibility of separating the value of houses from that of the land with which they are occupied is that of the sheds and warehouses used by railway companies for their business. Without the buildings the land would be of no value to anybody; it is too near the railway lines: while the buildings would be of no use to the company on any other but that particular piece of land.

These are technical questions, which it is the business of surveyors and valuers and compensation lawyers to handle, and which, perhaps, we should apologize for introducing to our readers. But they involve important principles affecting local taxation and the value of property, which those responsible for the preparation of the Agricultural Rating Bill have but imperfectly grasped. Mr. Balfour tells us that a Commission is to be appointed to inquire into the whole question of the incidence of local taxation. We fear the mischief is already done, for tons of Blue-books fly up and kick the beam when weighed against an Act of Parliament.

THE SILVER MEN AT CHICAGO.

ON Tuesday the Democratic National Convention is to assemble at Chicago, to nominate a candidate for the Presidency in opposition to Mr. McKinley. A profound change has come over the political situation since the last National Convention of the Democratic party met, also, as it happens, at Chicago, in June 1892. Then, upon the first ballot, by 620 votes out of a total of 910, Mr. Grover Cleveland was placed in nomination, and from that hour until the ballots were counted in November there may be said to have been no doubt, in any reasonable quarter, as to his election. The actual result showed a Democratic victory of such magnitude that it was generally taken for granted that the Republican party was dead, and that the doctrine of a high protective tariff would never be heard of again in American politics. Now, after four years, it is the Republican party which nominates the Presidential candidate whose election is treated as a foregone conclusion. It emphasizes the extraordinary character of the change to reflect that this candidate, Mr. McKinley, is also the most conspicuous living champion of that High Protection doctrine which was supposed to have been irrevocably buried in 1892.

The position in respect to the Democratic party is altered not merely as regards the chances of the forthcoming struggle with the Republican enemy; the internal changes amount to a revolution. There will

be at Chicago only a very small minority of so-called Cleveland men. If Mr. Cleveland's name is referred to in the Convention, the probabilities are that it will be vehemently hooted by the majority. The party is not only in full revolt against the President whom it elected so triumphantly four years ago, it is eager to declare war upon the currency policy to which every Democratic leader from Jefferson's day to that of Cleveland and Carlisle has heretofore been committed. Since 1860, when the advance wave of the "irrepressible conflict" between North and South broke the party in half, there has never been a suggestion of mutiny at a Democratic National Convention; but it is difficult to see how the proceedings which open on Tuesday can terminate without a "bolt" by the defeated Gold minority. It is conceivable that the split may develop at the very outset. The immemorial rule of Democratic National Conventions has been to require a two-thirds vote for every decision. This rule would afford a certain protection to the Gold minority, since it is understood that the silver delegates fall a score or two short of the requisite two-thirds. But as we pointed out last week, each Convention is really independent in matters of procedure, and can make any rule for its guidance that it chooses. American politicians are not too prone to allow historic fictions or unwritten laws of etiquette to stand between them and what they want, and it is not surprising to learn that the forty-eight delegates from Illinois have unanimously resolved to demand the abrogation of the two-thirds rule. Very probably this idea will commend itself to a sufficient majority of the whole Convention, and it is possible that upon this point Mr. Whitney, who leads the forlorn hope of the Gold men, will elect to make his fight. It is as certain as anything can be that he is to be beaten, and that the Convention is to adopt in the party's name a "ticket" and a "platform" which it will be impossible for him, as for most other Eastern leaders, to accept. It may therefore occur to him to choose the struggle over the two-thirds rule as his pretext for the apparently inevitable "bolt."

But for the moment Mr. Whitney's intentions are of secondary importance. The plans and purposes of the majority furnish a much more diverting subject for speculation. It is the first time in the history of the English-speaking race that precisely such a body has been got together. For any kind of a parallel, indeed, one must look to the Conventions, Constituent Assemblies, and other strange mobs of Parliamentary partisans which Paris witnessed in the last decade of the eighteenth century, rather than to Anglo-Saxon precedents. The original Democratic party of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe professedly drew its inspiration, and borrowed its ideals, from the first French Republic. It is interesting to find the same party a hundred years later, in a period of violent internal convulsion, exhibiting this same impulse to think and talk like the men of the French Revolution. The difference is, that Jefferson and his friends were at the worst but mild imitators of the Gironde; the leaders of to-day—Governor Altgelt, Governor Boies, and the rest—belong to the Mountain. The first-named, who is at the head of the State Government of Illinois, would be regarded as an Extremist by the most advanced of English Socialists. Mr. Altgelt does not himself demur to the title of Anarchist, and, from the time when he pardoned the Chicago bomb-throwers to the present day, he has espoused with delight the wildest and most extravagant schemes for the plunder of property and the overthrow of the existing plutocratic social system. Governor Boies, of Ohio, and Congressman Bland, of Missouri, the two next most important leaders of the new movement, have arrived at this eminence by a different path. They started out with sufficiently orthodox views on social subjects, and on party loyalty too, but with a fixed belief in the virtues of a 16-to-1 ratio between Silver and Gold. When the discontented populations of the West and South, restless under the usurious mortgages held in the wealthy East, began to imagine that Silver offered them a way out of their troubles, and to talk of "the Poor Man's Dollar," they naturally swept "soft-money" leaders like Messrs. Bland and Boies along with them. At first slowly, then with rapidly increasing swiftness, the Silver movement was seen to coalesce with Socialism,

and in turn to assimilate its "populist" tenets, until now the whole lump is leavened with the spirit of Revolution. At Chicago next week, from the tribune of a great and historic party's National Convention, the leaders who speak for the majority will denounce the owners of property, the holders of shares and bonds, the bankers and shippers and manufacturers of the financial and industrial world, in phrases which we rarely hear in England, but which are common enough in the "advanced" clubs of Paris, Liège, and Barcelona.

In estimating the chances of the impending Presidential contest, it is as well to bear in mind the fact that we get all our telegraphic information, and practically all our newspaper guidance as well, from the Eastern side of the American continent, where everybody who has anything to do with disseminating news and opinions is fervently on the side of Gold. From the Eastern point of view, it is simply incredible that the people in a majority of the electoral districts throughout the country should persist in so palpable a delusion as this about "the poor man's dollar" from now until November. The Eastern leaders believe that a safe Gold majority exists to-day in the country at large, and that argument must inevitably increase the majority during the campaign. It is the reflection of this faith which alone reaches us. But in the West and South the Silver leaders deny that their opponents are in a majority to-day, and, curiously enough, they rely with entire confidence upon the force of their arguments to convert the workmen and farmers of the East from their Gold heresies. Viewed from this distance, and thus early, the odds seem in Mr. McKinley's favour; but it is by no means a case of "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere."

ANGLO-IRISH FINANCE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S unlucky plunge into the Home Rule morass led to some strange and diverting results, alike from the party and the personal point of view, but it is known that none of his reverses and humiliations was so vexatious to him personally as the failure of his plans for adjusting the future financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland. The scheme of 1893 was a complete change from that of 1886, but before the new Bill was many days old the financial clauses had to be withdrawn and a fresh series drafted. Finally, it was admitted that the subject was in a hopeless tangle, and a Royal Commission was appointed "to inquire into the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland and their relative taxable capacity." The whole Bill ultimately suffered the fate of its financial clauses, and Home Rule ceased to be a practical question; but the Commission has dragged on, and now we have the result in a series of reports which will be presented to Parliament in a few days. Mr. Childers, who acted as Chairman, died shortly after the evidence was closed, and his draft report is printed as it left his pen. His successor, The O'Connor Don, has produced an independent report, as have also Mr. Sexton and Sir David Barbour; while comparative agreement has only been secured for the General Report by cutting it down to five elementary propositions bearing on the increase of Irish taxation since the Union. Even this meagre report has not secured the adhesion of Sir David Barbour or of Sir Thomas Sutherland; and, as the former was for many years Financial Secretary to the Indian Government, his opinion is entitled to great weight.

A subject on which financial experts differ so completely is obviously most complicated: it is also acutely controversial, for it raises the whole question of the relations of Ireland and England since the Union, and involves, further, a discussion of the new basis on which our financial system was placed by Mr. Gladstone in the great series of budgets that created his reputation. This re-settlement of our national finances has always been regarded as an Irish grievance, and amongst intelligent Home Rulers there was much searching of heart as to the result of a scheme which would eventually have saddled Ireland with a British "tribute" which they believed she would be unable to pay. The large majority of the Commissioners now support this view, and

severely condemn the scheme which Mr. Gladstone asserted to be "just and even generous" to Ireland, and they maintain that the financial rearrangements of 1853-1860 placed an additional burden upon Ireland that was "not justified by the then existing circumstances." We are thus launched into an economic controversy which may have far-reaching consequences, for it involves British finance as well as Irish. It is little wonder that an orthodox economist like Sir David Barbour refuses to accept the findings of his colleagues, knowing as he does that it is impossible to confine such a proposition as "that the identity of rates and taxation does not necessarily involve equality of burden" to one fraction of the United Kingdom. That Ireland for lack of manufactures feels the burden of indiscriminate taxation more severely than, for example, Lancashire, is probably true; but if the plea is admitted in one case, many other agricultural districts will soon discover that they too are suffering from "intolerable pressure," and financial chaos will be the result.

The English reader will ask how it comes that Ireland can allege a grievance, since every tax levied in that country is levied also in England; while, on the other hand, such imposts as the Land Tax, the Inhabited House Duty, the Railway Passengers Duty, and various taxes on horses, carriages, armorial bearings, and so forth, which are levied in England are unknown in Ireland. In reply, the Irish rely on two points: firstly, that a certain compact or arrangement was made by Pitt and Castlereagh at the Union, which compact was broken by Mr. Gladstone in 1853; and, secondly, that, compact or no compact, the economic collapse of Ireland in the middle of the century revealed such a state of national bankruptcy that she is quite unable to bear the same rate of taxation as the rest of the United Kingdom. These two points are quite distinct, and should be treated separately, although in the heated crucible of Irish rhetoric they are fused together as a missile to be hurled at the guilty head of England: even in the majority report of the Commissioners the two points are not kept sufficiently apart. As to the contention that the financial arrangements on which the Union was based must never be modified, it will not hold water for a moment. Pitt himself, in the very speech on which the argument is based, explained that the arrangement was to last "for a limited time," and that his object was, once the transitional period was over, "to effect the gradual abolition of all distinctions in finance and revenue between the two countries." So far, then, as the first point goes, it simply amounts to the question whether the Irish Exchequer and the differential system of taxation were prematurely abolished or not. Yet the Commissioners by the terms of the reference find themselves constrained to begin by declaring as their first "practically unanimous" proposition that "for the purpose of this inquiry the two countries must be considered as separate entities," thus stereotyping a state of things which, as we have just seen, it was Pitt's declared object to "gradually abolish."

The second and third propositions state the case against England; the former being "that the Act of Union imposed upon Ireland a burden which, as events showed, she was unable to bear," and the latter "that the increase of taxation laid upon Ireland between 1853 and 1860 was not justified by the then existing circumstances." Having arrived at this point, the Commissioners find that they must go further, for they cannot shut their eyes to the fact that the result of the system of 1853-1860 was simply the "abolition of all distinctions in finance and revenue between the two countries" which most modern financiers regard as fair and just. So they are forced to the two concluding propositions, that "identity of rates of taxation does not involve equality of burden," and that whereas Ireland now pays one-eleventh of the actual tax revenue of the Kingdom, she ought only to pay at the outside one-twentieth. In other words, Ireland is paying annually some two millions and three-quarters more than her proper share; or, as Mr. Sexton, with a characteristic love for grand totals and strong language, computes, Ireland has since the Union been robbed by England of £290,000,000.

Dropping all the irrelevant declamation about the

pledges of Pitt, the wickedness of the Union, and the voracity of England, the whole controversy can be put in a nutshell as follows: Is the average Irishman so poor that he cannot afford to pay the same taxes as the average Englishman or Scotchman? We must go by averages; for, if the argument as to "taxable capacity" is pushed to its limits, we shall have a Special Commission going down to examine into the circumstances of each farmer and manufacturer, in order to decide not merely what direct taxation he can bear, but how much he can afford to pay for his tea, his tobacco, or his whisky, each one of which is an essential element in his "taxable capacity." Taking the two nations as separate entities, the expert witnesses on whose evidence the report is based arrived at the taxable capacity of the country as follows: From the assessments of Income-tax and the rates of wages they compute what they call the "gross income"; they then fix on so much per head as the minimum of outlay necessary for existence; this, multiplied by the population, is subtracted from the gross income, and the remainder is the only part that can justly be subjected to taxation at all. Now we do not dispute the fact that great portions of Ireland are miserably poor, and that they deserve, and ought to get, as they have been getting in the past, generous assistance from Imperial funds; but we must protest that the statistical method adopted by the Commission simply bristles with fallacies. Income-tax returns with regard to three-fourths of Ireland are absolutely irrelevant, since the small Irish farmer pays no Income-tax; and, as for wages, the same argument largely applies, since the wage-earning class and the very small farming class are scarcely distinguishable. As regards the towns, does any one propose that the well-paid artisans of Belfast or Londonderry should be relieved of taxation at the expense of those of Manchester or Leeds? The proposition is an absurdity; but it serves to bring into prominence what, we submit, is the real crux of the difficulty. The Ireland of to-day is poor and overtaxed because Ireland is, in the main, agricultural, and agriculture is depressed. The non-agricultural parts of Ireland claim no exemption and no favour. Does it not follow, as we have already hinted, that the difficulty, the discrepancy, is between town and country, and not between England and Ireland? The Government have made one attempt in their Agricultural Rating Bill to meet that difficulty, and the result is not encouraging. Some day the question will have to be faced, and we foresee it will raise a controversy as prolonged and bitter as the Free-trade controversy of fifty years ago.

LEGISLATION VERSUS PHILANTHROPY.

THE stern fact that of the children born annually in every populous community a large percentage will be illegitimate is a fact that every community has to face, and it may truly be said that of all the problems which legislation and philanthropy have to solve the problem presented by these annual intruders, who average in England at least 50,000, is by far the most delicate and difficult. How, without putting a premium on lawlessness and immorality, are their fruits to be cherished, their results to involve practically neither dishonour nor penalty, and the chief deterrents, therefore, from illicit connexions to be removed? On the other hand, are the horrors with which a late trial has familiarized us to be allowed to repeat themselves? Are the lives of these poor infants to be at the mercy of those whose sole object is to make capital out of them? Are the temptations to infanticide to be removed, and the possibilities of its occurrence reduced to a minimum? Are these infants not only to be protected from abuse and cruelty in the various forms those odious practices assume in irresponsible foster-nurses, but to be treated as citizens entitled to proper food, proper nurture, and all the rights of a subject of the Crown? There is, too, another and not less important aspect of this question, and that is the fate of the mothers. Too often, as things now stand, the penalty they pay for a lapse which even the austere moralist who knew the whole circumstances could only regard with pity, is truly frightful. Driven sometimes to infanticide, sometimes to self-destruction, and in numberless cases to a life of

vice, they fall victims not to any innate depravity, but simply to defective social legislation. Nature knows nothing of marriage rings, and the highest and purest of woman's instincts—the maternal instinct—is, unless perverted by shame and terror, as sensitively responsive in unconsecrated as in consecrated motherhood. There can, moreover, be no greater error than to assume that a girl who falls through her affections, as many, and very many, of these girls do, is suddenly demoralized, and naturally becomes what she is too often in self-preservation very unnaturally compelled to become.

That questions affecting so directly and so materially the interests of our citizens should not long since have engaged the attention of Government is, to say the least, surprising. But all that the Legislature has contributed towards the solution of these problems is an Act passed in 1872 entitled the Infant Life Protection Act. That Act did not go very far, and extended indeed no further than its title indicates, the protection of infant life. Government has, in fact, left the work of providing for illegitimate children and "fallen women" to the various parochial or local charities, the various public and private philanthropical institutes, and to the various voluntary associations which have of late years sprung up in great numbers, both in London and in the provinces. That these bodies labour under the great disadvantage of the want of some common system, and the absence of some controlling central authority, is no doubt true; but it must be allowed that, on the whole, they do their work excellently. It would, therefore, be a great mistake to place any unnecessary restrictions on their useful activity, and this, I regret to see, it is proposed to do.

A bill brought in by Lord Denbigh for the amendment of the Infant Life Protection Act is at the present moment before a Committee of the House of Lords, and this Bill, if it become law without the modification of one of its clauses, will have the effect of hampering and impeding, if not of actually paralysing, some of the most successful efforts now being made for grappling with the evils to which we have referred. Let me explain. Till recently there were four courses open to the mothers of illegitimate children. They could desert or go with their child into the workhouse; they could make their own arrangements for the disposal of it, which in most cases, or at least in very many cases, meant an arrangement with baby-farmers; they could sign away all right and property in it, and so get it into institutions like the Foundling Hospital, or into such Homes as those of the Church Extension Association. The one thing they could not do was to find friends who would shield them from the degradation of becoming unnatural mothers, and from the ordinary consequences of a lapse from virtue. But during the last sixteen years there have sprung up a large and increasing number of voluntary associations for the rescue and protection of these unfortunate women and their children. Such, to confine illustrations to London and its suburbs, would be the Pimlico Ladies' Association, the Paddington and Marylebone Ladies' Association, the Kensington Workhouse Girls' Aid Committee, the Main Memorial Home for Deserted Mothers, and some twenty other similar institutions. These associations have common aims, which are to save these women from the fate which so frequently befalls them, and to enable them to retrieve themselves, and to provide at the same time for the proper support and maintenance of their unhappy offspring. Received into the homes of these associations and seen safely through their trouble, these women have every facility given them for retrieving their character and for leading virtuous and useful lives. They are fed and clothed should they be in excessive poverty; they are instructed; they are brought under the influence of ladies whom they are invited to regard not as patronesses, but as friends, and they are, after a due probation, put in the way of obtaining an honest livelihood. Proceeding on the principle that the tie between the mother and the child should not be severed, as it is severed in such institutions as the Foundling Hospital and the Church Extension, and that the child should be supported—or, at all events, partially supported—by those who are responsible for its existence, these associations have with remarkable success attained both

these ends. They arrange for what they call nurse-mothers. These are respectable women, who are willing, for a fixed sum paid weekly, to board and take care of the child. This fee is guaranteed by the Association, but paid, or in part paid, each week by the mother, the residue being made up out of the funds of the Association. These nurses are kept under the closest surveillance both by the mother, who is expected regularly to visit her child, and by the Association, which regularly sends a member of its staff to inspect. It will be seen that by this arrangement three great advantages are secured. In the first place, all possibilities of the abuses incident to the baby-farming system are prevented, because the nurse-mothers are not only chosen after a careful inquiry into their character and position by the ladies of the Association, but are in close contact with them and always under their eyes. In the second place, the mothers, under the protection of the Association, have regular access to their children, and that, as experience has shown, with the happiest results to their moral character. In the third place, both mother and child find influential friends who are always at hand to help.

No one is likely to dispute that, regarded theoretically, a system like this leaves little to be desired. It is eminently humane; it effectually prevents the horrid and unnatural traffic against which Lord Denbigh's Bill is directed; it goes far towards transforming what might be unmitigated evil into a means of good; it relieves the community of a heavy burden, and not only places that burden on the right shoulders, but enables those shoulders to bear it. And all this, as ample experience has shown, it actually does. It might have been anticipated that charity so open to abuse would have been grossly abused, especially as the temptations to abuse it would appear to be exceptionally strong. But this has not been the case. The system has succeeded beyond the most sanguine anticipations, and the relief to the rates by the efforts of these Voluntary Associations has been very great; in Paddington, for instance, it has amounted to 18 per cent., and in Lambeth to 40 per cent. It is, indeed, admitted on all sides that the good that these associations have been, and still are, doing is incalculable.

But the keystone, so to speak, of the whole system of these associations is the possibility of finding the proper sort of nurse-mothers. These are drawn almost entirely from respectable private families, such as the wives of artisans and small tradesmen. By the provisions of the old Act, it was only necessary to register and inspect houses where more than one infant or, in the case of twins, two infants under the age of one year were retained or received for hire. In Lord Denbigh's Bill this clause is repealed, and another clause inserted, forbidding any person "retaining or receiving for hire or reward any infant under the age of five years for a longer space than twenty-four hours, except in a house which has been registered." The effect of this clause, if it becomes law, will be most disastrous to the work of these associations, for it will close the doors of those whom they are most anxious to secure as nurse-mothers. Experience has shown that there is nothing more repugnant to respectable private families than to be submitted to Government inspection and registration, and that those who would have no objection to be visited as they would be visited by private ladies would absolutely refuse to be invaded by public officials. All that this clause will do will be to multiply the very evils which it is designed to prevent, it will substitute professional baby-farming for adoption and true maternal care, feed the foundling hospitals and advertising institutions which make traffic out of these children. To contend that the class of nurses on which this Bill will practically confer a monopoly in these duties is likely to perform them as efficiently as the class which it is the chief object of the associations to secure is as absurd as to suppose that the inspection of a Government official will be more effective in preventing abuses than the inspection now instituted by the societies to which we have referred. All the associations in London have appealed against the clause, and considering the admirable work which they are doing, and doing so efficiently, it is impossible not to regard their protest with respect and sympathy. In the evidence which Dr.

Barnardo gave before the Commission, he stated that he never "planted" his children—and he has at the present moment 1,751 under his supervision—"because the best houses do not register from fear of inspection and interference, and from fear of incurring odium as baby-farmers."

Till Government are prepared to deal with the whole question, I cannot see what good can possibly be done by legislation which, while it practically effects nothing, impedes and thwarts the efforts of those who are by general consent effecting so much.

J. C. C.

THE MONTENEGRIN'S VISIT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT BELGRADE.)

BELGRADE, 27 June, 1896.

IF a recent authority on "the Near East" is to be believed, Belgrade is the ugliest and dreariest village that ever called itself a capital, the Servian army compares unfavourably with knock-kneed savages, and a disgraceful *débâcle* is only a question of months or even weeks. I hope to throw a rosier light upon political prospects at the end of a searching scrutiny; but a stay of twenty-four hours has already convinced me that Servian soldiers make a very brave show, and that the capital, within its limits, is unsurpassed.

Just now, of course, when a Prince of Montenegro is visiting his Servian brother for the first time since Kossovo, the brilliancy is unwonted. But demerit moments cannot detract from the smiling panorama over Save and Danube, the picturesqueness of the street-scenes, or the geniality of the versatile citizens. A vulgar critic might object that gala-days are more magnificent at Budapest, but for my part I prefer the unaffected demonstrations of these simpler souls; the old-world, dreamland dresses of the Servian peasants are infinitely more natural and pleasing than the circus displays of Magyar magnates; and the commercial enthusiasm of millennial exploiters stinks beside the patriotic fervour of this Slav blood-brotherhood.

Early this morning I made my way to the railway station through cheerful boulevards, decked out with red-blue-white bunting and Venetian masts, bearing alternately the Servian and Montenegrin arms. On each side was an enthusiastic hedge of peasantry, gay with embroidered raiment; officers, with scarlet uniforms and layers of sparkling decorations, urged their sleek Bosnian horses to express-trot; there a corps of cadets, goodly youths in smart green uniforms, swung their arms in martial zeal; everywhere was bustle and zealous anticipation. I was one of the very few civilians allowed the privilege of going on to the platform. There my first sight was that of the King's guards, standing on the railway track in their serviceable uniforms of dark blue, polishing up their boots. At a quarter to nine they were drawn up along the platform to attention, and I had an opportunity of walking down the line and recognizing their fine soldierly bearing. They are picked men and can stand comparison with almost any troops I know. The band struck up the Servian national anthem, and I became aware of the presence of the King, in scarlet uniform and Russian peaked cap, standing upon a strip of matting. My first impression was one of intense surprise at his good looks and dignified bearing. None of his portraits do him justice, and his postage-stamps are a monstrous caricature.

A bell rang, and the train steamed in punctual "to a tick." A portly, jovial gentleman, clad in blue sleeveless jacket, thick waistband, and white kilt, emerged all wreathed in smiles. Saving the dress, you had said a popular English country squire. The young King stood to attention, advanced a step, and held out his hand with a few words of welcome. The Prince wrung his hand with great cordiality, kissed him on both cheeks; then gave him one additional kiss and a pat on the back to emphasize satisfaction, and the pair walked down the platform to inspect the guards, and back again. By this time the Prince's suite had also disembarked—six men dressed very much like their master, and a Mussulman *beg* wearing a fez. The King presented his suite to the Prince, who clanked

his heels together, held out his hand (to be shaken, not kissed), and said a few words to each, still with the jovial smile, displaying his teeth. Then he turned and presented his suite to the King, who again impressed me very much by his complete self-possession. He had plenty to say to each man, and seemed to know just the right thing to say. There was not a shade of embarrassment, or even hesitation, and I should judge by his manner that he was quick, resolute, and at the same time the pink of courtesy; one who would say smooth things and at the same time stand no nonsense.

The two sovereigns drove off amid enthusiastic cries of "zhiveylee" (let them live!) from the crowd, the Prince with his ever-benign smile, and the King touching his *képi* repeatedly with most royal dignity. I could not but admire the grey liveries and fluffy cocked hats of the postilions; for the shades were so exquisitely blended, and I am told the Palace is furnished with equally conspicuous good taste.

At eleven there was a requiem at the Cathedral for those who died at Kossovo 507 years ago—that picturesque battle, when the crows carried the news to the Tsarina Militza that the Servian Empire had been shattered. The pillars, walls, and candelabra were hung with black, presenting a remarkable contrast to the bright uniforms of the officers and the gorgeous vestments of the popes. It was really a brilliant assemblage, which would have made a deep impression in any country. The Archimandrites in their great globular mitres, richly studded with jewels, were particularly imposing, and the minor clergy with their long hair and patriarchal beards might have stepped straight out of some picture of the Apostles. But the interest centred in three figures standing in front of three thrones; the King in the middle, the Prince to the right, and Queen Nathalie to the left.

If the King's appearance had surprised me, that of his mother almost overwhelmed me. I had expected great beauty, but not such transcendent beauty as this. It is a beauty which no pencil has been able to reproduce and which no pen could ever hope to describe. As she stood there in the cathedral, dressed in deep mourning for the requiem, she wore a pathetic expression, for which men lay down their lives; in the afternoon, on the balcony of the palace, in a blouse of light blue silk, chatting to her son and guest, she was all vivacity and sparkle, and I could not wonder at the dense crowds who stood gaping their admiration. But it was at the theatre, in a low cream-satin dress, that she appeared most statuesquely divine; the first part of the story of King Francis and the glove was no longer a legend to me, for who would not risk everything to gratify her lightest whim?

The theatre is a pretty little house; the scenery and singing were good; and though I could only catch the drift of the two plays, I was interested all the time. The first piece represented Stefan Duthan proclaiming himself Tsar of Servia, and the scenery of his Oriental palace was remarkably pretty. The second piece turned on the doctrine of Kismet; an old Turk having been warned by the fairies that he would perish at a certain well, whereupon he nailed it up to avoid falling in, and sat on the lid to show he was not afraid, but was presently stabbed there. It was delightfully quaint and old-fashioned, and there was a very sweet cradle song at the beginning. Altogether everybody seemed pleased, and the vivacity of the distinguished company suggested that, after all, life at Belgrade cannot be so dull as many people delight to represent it. Next week we are to have races, a review, a great peasants' fête at Topchider, a Court ball and concert, and other festivities. If Prince Nicholas is not gratified by his welcome, he must assuredly be hard to please.

A DAGGER-DAY.

THE slack worshipper who fumbles weekly for his excuse has it ready to his hand this morning. For a smother of blue-black cloud scuds overhead; the windows of the house darken; a gust of sleety rain crackles on the glass; and the torn jangle of the kirk bells comes tossing upon a wild nor'-wester. The slack worshipper is, of course, a man. He looks forth dismally and shakes a dubious head; but already his

womenfolk are adventuring into the loud storm, with stout faith and frail umbrellas. Brave hearts! I am with you in the quest, for I also am a worshipper, and a clear bell calls me, although it swings not in any steeple.

Out then into the riot I fling—boring into the wind with bent head. The Firth of Clyde is lost in a fleece of flying spray; the woods of Roseneath are an inky smear; and as I bear up towards the Gareloch I find it whipped to a yeasty turmoil. It is a sheltered loch among the hills, silken-smooth at most times, but to-day the waves, in a white cloud, jerk over the black pier of Row, and the stinging spindrift leaps shoreward. The fleet of ships that usually find this a quiet haven are now tearing at their anchors, and the bluff-bowed training-ship—an old wooden three-decker—thrashes at her moorings in a cloud of spray. The swinging craft lift in the crested waves like things of life, and all things that love the keen rush of the wind are greatly alive to-day. Yon sea-gull, for instance, screams at whiles in pure joyousness. Aloft it whirls like a blown white leaf against the low blackness of the rack; now it topples over with a flash; and then spins down the wind into the grey drift. I send my voice after it in a shout. We are comrades, sharing the wrestle and the joy.

Heavy and lowering is the cloud-mass to windward, yet behind it the eager sun is busy. Here a quick shaft of light burns through the blackness; while there, as though it were a curtain, the dark web is slashed with a gleaming sword. Lo! now the sunlight sifts down upon the crested water in long quivering lines; the cloud-gaps quickly widen; while a great shred, torn from the mass, goes scurrying upon the wind. The ancient wizardry of the sun, it would seem, is about to triumph. The ragged edges of the rent clouds are silver bright; a sudden pool of marvellous blue sky appears; and then the Conqueror himself starts forth. On the instant, all the uplifted waves are a-dazzle with his light; the grey-green braes of the loch-side brighten; the painted ships flash through the driving spray; the grim Argyleshire hills take outline in the open heaven.

Sound of a Psalm in the tune of "French" comes from the old kirk of Row, as I halt for a breathing space under the kirkyaird wall. A soothing sound, and in happy contrast to the outdoor tumult. For even here, in shelter, the wind beats like a surf in the stark oak trees overhead, and sends a shrill whistling among the tombstones. Tombstones of varied device; the modest and the obtrusive; weather-green sandstone slabs and wet granite crosses that sparkle in the sun; but the earth they overlook is the same common red earth, and the mounded sod is silent.

Now the kirkfolk begin to straggle forth. Not to-day, however, is the kirkyaird a meeting-place of the gossips; not to-day does

"The guidman bide awae"

To dwell among the dead."

On the contrary, the worshippers step timidly into the blustrous weather with anxious looks overhead. They take little joy, as it seems, in this mighty wind of God; 'tis a happiness to get home in a dry blink. So the nor'-wester scatters them incontinently as in sport, and already the precincts are empty. Save for an anxious three who have made a joint-stock business of their matches, and squat under the wall here in an effort to start a heartening pipe. They go about the task, being Scotsmen, with a kind of stealth, for they are conscious of a too quick descent from the spiritual to the temporal. One after one the matches flare and go out, while the language which comes upon the wind is instant with biblical terseness, as is meet. But at last the skilfullest fire-raiser succeeds, and the happy three start homewards, passing the common pipe to each other in the quaint manner of the early Christians.

With me, also, the word is homewards. For in this day of quick changes the sun's triumph has been short-lived. Already the cloud-rack has gathered again; the colour has gone from the braesides; the dazzle has failed from the waves; while to windward the oncoming rain blots out the hills as with a grey sponge. Along the empty road old black leaves are whirled, and the shallow pools are whipped away before the wind. With these I am sped, until the sleet leaps upon me with a hiss, and then all is lost in the driving smother—sky,

and hillside, and loch. Yet am I cloistered in the midst of it with roused blood, and a leaping sense of nature's beneficence. For this, in George Meredith's phrase, is a dagger-day—a day in which the rough-whirling earth is as a whetstone:—

"That she may give us edging keen."

HAMISH HENDRY.

PLANT FORMS IN DECORATION.

THE decorative designer is not a person who can be passed over unnoticed in these days; he claims our attention on book-covers, in book-plates, in illustrations to fairy tales, in title-pages, borders, head-pieces, tail-pieces, and in some of the periodicals devoted to art we may hear about the principles on which he works. But some months ago there appeared a book entitled "Studies in Plant Form, with some Suggestions for their Application to Design,"* in which we may study him more completely, and study him in his newest and most characteristic phase—namely, his use of plants and flowers. Here we have sketches and photographs of plants on one page, and the designer's treatment of these same plants on the next.

The contemporary decorator is both a realist and not a realist. One of his first principles is that the exact copy of a real plant will not decorate. On the other hand, he is a realist in that he will have every line of his design justified by a part of the real plant. Let us see how he sets about his business. He takes a shoot of wild rose and ranges the green leaves at the base into a compact square mass with a curved bottom; on the top of this he fixes a simplified (i.e. graceless and unbending) wild rose blossom (not a heraldic rose, but one invented on the spur of the moment), and symmetrically under each side of it another blossom with only two petals, so that the three blossoms form a semi-circle at the top of the rectangular body of leaves. Then above the blossoms he sets six hips, three bending in from the left and three from the right, and the completed shape looks like a lobster or scorpion with antennæ curved above its head. Wherever he can, he bends leaves and stalks inwards so as to make a rounded shape—a depressing tendency, true sign, it might be imagined, of a morbid age that is always returning on itself. And these curves so often take that mournful form which we can only describe by the word embryonic. The designer is at his worst when he is doing a book-cover for Tennyson's poems based on the jonquil. At the bottom of the cover lies a heavy band formed by a dozen bent leaves that look like so many eels drilled to lift their heads the same height. From their midst a stem rises some three-quarters way up the cover, and there branches into five snakes on either side, which curve out and then in, and finally reach the top with the same marvellous precision. In front of this symmetrical shape of upper snakes are six incandescent lamps upwards, and three with shades hanging down. It would be difficult to conceive anything less elegant and less happy. The artist has certainly managed to fix up his jonquil on the cover; but only by courtesy can he be said to have decorated it. We cannot see that he has felt the shape he had to beautify, and every one agrees that this is the all-important qualification. The designer should feel the given shape at his fingers' tips, and the design should look as if, under the play of these fingers, lines had fallen and danced and crept inevitably into the figure best suited to bring out the shape and harmonize with it. The artist who designed this jonquil book-cover was happy at the thought of breaking new ground. He would throw over the evolved, the historic, forms of ornament, and go direct to a real plant. He would pay no attention to his predecessors in design; the jonquil herself should give him new forms of ornament. Now the tenet that a plant can directly inspire an artist with new forms of decoration is one which we should combat as historically and philosophically untrue. We have been saved the trouble; the designer has disproved it himself with a wealth of negatives suggestive of the Divorce Courts. The lines and masses of his jonquil design cannot in any comprehensible sense be

* "Studies in Plant Form, with some Suggestions for their Application to Design." By A. E. V. Lilley and W. Midgley. London: Chapman & Hall. 1896.

said to have been inspired by the live jonquil plant, and they are not decorative.

Again, if he wants to ornament a border he will take the proud tulip and bend her head, and curve her stalk, and flatten her lengthways into the narrow passage. For ever when you look at it you will see this pitiable torture as of tall graceful matrons doomed to walk in an endless cave three feet high. Finally he will suffocate his tulips with waves of hair twisted into agonized and restless curves. One of his gravest faults, indeed, is that he crams his spaces full up, and some of these full designs are most unpleasant. For instance, there is a cotton-print based on the pea which looks exactly like a picture of the lower intestines. Woodlice, scorpions, embryos and chitterlings are not pleasant things to live with. The story of contemporary decoration is like some fairy tale about a wicked man who tortures and ill uses Nature's loveliest children, and she punishes him by turning all he touches into the semblance of the most degraded parts of her. He points with pride at his handiwork: "Behold a honeysuckle with which to cover your wall," and we, thinking of a gracious spray dangling in wayward coquetry from a hedgerow, see only the section of a dead octopus. A collection of his decorations is a veritable nightmare; even from the more possible designs we expect to see a great eye glare; we are ready to shriek at the quiver of the antennæ, or to glaze in horror as the various parts of the figure start creeping and working in and out with a rhythmical animation.

The contemporary designer, though he thinks he is making a stand against realism, is all the time paying that power an odd tribute, and he has fallen into the initial error of looking upon a close attention to nature as a virtue. A virtue of a kind no doubt it is. The close and tender observation of anything is edifying; there is no saying how much certain characters may gain by an enthusiastic study of buds and thickenings in the stem. But the virtue is personal, and when the observant designer's works are exhibited, it holds no longer. His design is judged along with the immoral work of a man whose foliage is as much like ostrich feathers as anything else, or who has, in the exuberance of his hand, plumped down a fat cherub upholding the ends of two garlands whose outer ends finish in foxes' heads that support a basket of fruit by its ribbons. We want a border handsomely decorated or a sofa well covered, and if a bit of the design is stiff and ungainly, we are not convinced when the designer explains that the part objected to is his treatment of the seed vessels of the dandelion (never before treated in design), or that the importunate curves of parallel lines are the roots of the tomato. We don't care in the least. There is, no doubt, a sporting interest in making out the origin in nature of every stroke in a complex design; but surely it is a mistake to lift this game into the highest place. And this attention to the facts of growth seems useless when the resultant design is so dead. The acanthus foliage of a sixteenth-century Italian design may resemble no growth under the sun, it may contradict the most elementary laws of botany; but it is alive. The sprays and their leaves curl like the edge of a banner in a light breeze, they lick into corners and fling up like the sea in a niche of rock. It is not the observed or the recognizable life of this or that plant, it is life itself. None of the plants in these decorative designs grow; they are lifeless, though even their roots may be there, clamorous for recognition.

His monitors have so often cried out to the designer to look how this grows and this, that at last the seed-vessel of a pumpkin gets on his conscience, and this uncomfortable fact looks with no little solemnity from his designs. Of course this is to reverse the true position of things, and, in the light of recent designs, Mr. Day may seem to have encouraged the study of nature to a dangerous extent in his instructive treatise on the use of nature in ornament. Anyhow he modifies his advice when he declares the absurdity of forcing into a design real points of growth because they exist, as if the preoccupation of a free designer were to find a use for every, or indeed any, part of a plant. And he points out more than once in the case of a fine design that what truths of growth it displays were arrived at unconsciously by the artist, because his line

led him to them. A designer's head, as he says, may be so full of plant-lore that the fashions and peculiarity of growth have become a part of his brain; he is not conscious of the knowledge, still less does he make it into one of the difficulties with which he has to contend, and in the course of his design he falls into something that suggests, or is a real bit of, nature. We see no signs of this semi-conscious knowledge in the decorations under consideration. Rather the designer appears to have sat down before a crab-apple, and said, "Heavens, how am I to make it into a diaper?" as if he owed it to the crab-apple to get him in somehow.

And what does he gain by thus shackling himself with a plant form? For, by dint of ill-treating his plant, he almost arrives at the circular shape of tradition, only his circle is cut into by certain meaningless and despondent spaces. We imagine a conventional decorator would have chosen a heraldic rose or pine for this diaper, and if he wanted something less heavy or more intricate, he would have fretted spaces into his rose according to fancy; but these spaces, unlike those between the leaves and stalks of the crab-apple, would in themselves have made a pattern. But this would be more formal, more in accordance with rule, the decorator of to-day will answer, mad with the search for originality. Of course. To say this is almost equivalent to saying it would be more beautiful. If these original designers succeed at all with a diaper pattern, it is because their figures approach traditional shapes. That is to say, after great original effort, they almost tell us something we knew before. We fail to understand how an artist can imagine himself free, when he is thus placed between the devil and the deep sea. On the one hand he is convinced that he should use natural forms; on the other hand, whether he will or no, he must journey towards a traditional goal, with the probability of never reaching it in his fetters. Would he not be freer who starts from the point the other never quite reaches, who takes a traditional shape, and plays with it as he fancies? Thus the late Gothic decorators played upon their traditional pine cones, with the feeling of security which must lie at the foundation of all true freedom. Or if the study of nature led to anything like Japanese decoration, no one would have a word to say against it, for the Japanese manage to be decorative, and yet retain the life and peculiarities of the flowers they use. But for the formal designer it would appear to be a danger, because it prompts him to struggle to see how he can use up his observed nature, because it leads him away from the eternal rules, and because when the work is finished he expects it to be counted as a virtue to him that this or that bit of the design, decoratively dead and meaningless, is based on an observed growth.

We would not for a moment be unfair to the authors of the book in question, they have done their work admirably. Of their kind the designs are often first rate—that is to say, they display an astonishing ingenuity. Also some true and useful things are said in the text. Neither would we wish, if the work of this school were beautiful, to cavil with their dogmas, however narrow, knowing that when artists dogmatize they do so chiefly to encourage themselves. Only we think that the typical contemporary decoration is sickly and depressing and altogether dislikeable. And its ugliness is the more remarkable because it is the work of well-intentioned people, who care intensely about taste, and their admirers care too, and are interested. It is just because we all do care about decoration, because we are conscious and conscientious, that the wrong-headed result is so oppressive. On the other hand, we must face the fact that we are conscious, that we are tasteful; it is no use bluffing. We must work through the low ground and hope to come up cheerful and vigorous the other side. Meanwhile it is a rest and a gleam of sunshine to see the ribbons and floral joys of the old English chintzes that divide the honours in shop windows with the terra cotta, yellow and broken green art fabrics.

"TRISTAN AND ISOLDA."

SAYS Nietzsche (pretending to put the words into the mouth of another) "I hate Wagner, but I no longer stand any other music"; and though the saying

is entirely senseless to those who do hate Wagner, the feeling that prompted it may be understood by all who love him and who stand every other music, so long as it is real music. Immediately after listening to "Tristan and Isolde" all other operas seem away from the point, to be concerned with the secondary issues of life, to babble without fervour or directness of unessential matters. This does not mean that "Tristan" is greater than "Don Giovanni" or the "Matthew Passion," for it is not; but that it speaks to each of us in the most modern language of the most engrossing subject in the world, of oneself, of one's own soul. Who can stay to listen to the sheer loveliness of "Don Giovanni," or follow with any sympathy the artificial doom of that hero, or who, again, can be at the pains to enter into the obsolescent emotions and mode of expression of Bach, when Wagner calls us to listen concerning the innermost workings of our own being, and speaks in a tongue every word of which enters the brain like a thing of life? For one does not have to think what Wagner means: so direct, so penetrating, is his speech, that one becomes aware of the meaning without thinking of the words that convey it. Nietzsche is right when he says Wagner summarizes modernism; but he forgot that Wagner summarizes it because he largely helped to create it, to make it what it is, by this power of transferring his thought and emotion bodily, as it were, to other minds, and that he will remain modern for long to come inasmuch as he moulds the thought of the successive generations as they arise.

"Tristan" comes home to us with a swiftness and a power passing that of Wagner's other music-plays because in its prime and principal intention it is an emotional appeal and not at all a decorative piece of art, and because the appeal is made to the universal instinct of sex. It is a glorification of sex attraction. Nevertheless it refutes Tannhäuser or Venus as completely as it refutes Wolfram or Elizabeth. Tannhäuser, we know, would have it that love was wholly of the flesh, Wolfram that it was solely of the spirit. That there is no love which does not commence in the desiring of the flesh, and none, not even the most spiritual, which does not consist entirely in sex passion, that the two, spiritual and fleshly love, are merely different phases of one and the same passion, Wagner had learnt when he came to create "Tristan." And in "Tristan" we commence with a fleshly love, as intense as that Tannhäuser knew; but by reason of its own energy, its own excess, it rises to a spiritual love as free from grossness as any dreamed of by Elizabeth or Wolfram, and far surpassing theirs in exaltation. This change he depicted in a way as simple as it was marvellous, so that as we watch the drama and listen to the music we experience it within ourselves and our inner selves are revealed to us. Nothing comes between us and the passions expressed. Tristan and Isolde are passion in its purest integrity, naked souls vibrating with the keenest emotion; they have no idiosyncrasies to be sympathized with, to be allowed for; they are generalizations, not characters, and in them we see only ourselves reflected on the stage—ourselves as we are under the spell of Wagner's music and of his drama. For "Tristan" seems to me the most wonderful of Wagner's dramas, more wonderful even than "Parsifal," far more wonderful than "Tannhäuser." There is no stroke in it that is not inevitable, none that does not immensely and immediately tell; and despite its literary quality one fancies it could not fail to make some measure of its effect were it played without the music. Think of the first act. The scene is the deck of the ship; the wind is fresh and charged with the bitterness of the salt sea; and Isolde sits there consumed with burning anger and hate of the man she loves, whose life she spared because she loved him, and who now rewards her by carrying her almost as the spoil of war to be the wife of his king. Some one said that Tolstoi asserted for the first time in "The Kreuzer Sonata" that hate and love were the same passion. But the truth is Wagner knew it long before Tolstoi, just as many knew it long before Wagner; and the whole of this first act turns on it. Isolde sends for Tristan and tells him he has wronged her, and begs him to drink the cup of peace with her. Tristan sees

precisely what she means and, loving her, drinks the proffered poison as an atonement for the wrong he has done her, and for his treachery to himself in winning her for ambition's sake as King Mark's bride instead of taking her as his own. But the moment her hatred is satisfied Isolde finds life intolerable without love; her love a second time betrays her; and she seizes the poison and drinks also. Then comes the masterstroke. Done with this world, with nothing but death before them, the two confess their long-pent love; in their exalted state passion comes over them like a flood; and finally, the death draught being no death draught, but a slight infusion of cantharides, the two passionately cling to each other vaguely wondering what all the noise is about while the ship reaches land and all the people shout and the trumpets blow. What is the stage-craft of Scribe compared with this? how else could the avowal of love be brought about with such instant and stupendous effect? Quite as amazing is the second act. From the beginning to close on the end the lovers fondle each other, sitting in a garden before an old castle in the sultry summer night; and just as their passion reaches its highest pitch Mark breaks in upon them. For Tristan at least death is imminent; and the mere presence of death serves to begin the change from the desire of the flesh to the ecstatic spiritual passion. That change is completed in the next act, where we have the scene laid before Tristan's deserted and dilapidated castle in Brittany, with the calm sea in the distance (it should shine like burnished steel); and here Tristan lies dying of the wound he received from Melot in the previous scene, while a melody from the shepherd's pipe, the saddest melody ever heard, floats melancholy and wearily through the hot, close, breathless air. Kurvenal, his servant, has sent for Isolde to cure him as she had cured him before; and when at last she comes Tristan becomes crazy with joy, tears the bandages from his wounds, and dies just as she enters. This finishes the metamorphosis begun in the second act: after some other incidents Isolde, rapt in her spiritual love, sings the death-song and dies over his body. What is the libretto of "Otello" or of "Falstaff" compared with this libretto? From beginning to end there is not a line, not an incident, in excess. Any one who is wearied by King Mark's long address when he comes on the guilty pair, has failed to catch the drift of the whole opera—failed to see that two souls like Tristan and Isolde, wholly swayed by love, must find Mark's grief wholly unintelligible, and have no power of explaining themselves to those not possessed with a passion like theirs, or of bringing themselves into touch with the workaday world of daylight, and that all Mark's most moving appeal means to them is that this world, where such annoyances occur, is no place for them. They live wholly for their illusion, and if it is forbidden to them in life they will seek death; nothing—not honour, shame, the affection of Mark, the faithfulness of Kurvenal, least of all life,—is to be considered in comparison with their love; their love is the love that is all in all. It is entirely selfish: Mark is as much their enemy as Melot, his affection more to be dreaded than sword of Melot.

Perhaps I have given the drama some of the credit that should go to the music; and at least there is not a dramatic situation which the music does not immeasurably increase in power. But indeed the two are inseparable. The music creates the mood and holds the spectator to it so that the true significance of the dramatic situation cannot fail to be felt; while the dramatic situation makes the highest, most extravagant flights of the music quite intelligible, reasonable. It cannot be said that the music exists for the sake of the drama, any more than the drama exists for the music: the drama lies in the music, the music is latent in the drama. But to the music the wild atmosphere of the beginning of the first act is certainly due; and though I have said that possibly "Tristan" might bear playing without the music, it must be admitted that it is hard to think of the fifth scene without that tremendous entrance passage—that passage so tremendous that even Jean de Reszke dare hardly face it. To the music also the passion and fervent heat of the second act are due, and the thunderous atmosphere, the sense of

impending fate, in the last, and the miraculous sweetness and intensity of Tristan's death-music, and the sublime pathos of Isolde's lament. Since Mozart wrote those creeping chromatic chords in the scene following the death of the Commendatore in "Don Giovanni" nothing so solemn and still, so full of the pathetic majesty of death, as the passage following the words "with Tristan true to perish" has been written. This is perhaps Wagner's greatest piece of music, and certainly his loveliest is Tristan's description of the ship sailing over the ocean with Isolde, where the gently swaying figure of the horns, taken from one of the love themes, and the delicious melody given to the voice, go to make an effect of richness and tenderness which can never be forgotten. The opening of the huge duet is as a blaze of fire which cannot be subdued; and when at last it does subside and a quieter mood prevails we get a long series of voluptuous tunes the like of which was never heard before, and will not be heard again, one thinks, for a thousand years to come. And in the strangest contrast to these is the earlier part of the third act, where the very depths of the human spirit are revealed, where we are taken into the darkness and stand with Tristan before the gates of death. But indeed all the music of "Tristan" is miraculous in its sweetness, splendour and strength; and yet one scarcely thinks of these qualities at the moment, so entirely do they seem to be hidden by its poignant expressiveness. As I have said, it seems to enter the mind as emotion rather than as music, so penetrating is it, so instantaneous in its appeal. There never was music poured out at so white a white heat; it is music written in the most modern, most pungent and raciest vernacular, with utter impatience of style, of writing merely in an approved manner. It is beyond criticism. It is possible to love it as I do; it is possible to hate it as Nietzsche does; but in the year 1896 the impossible thing is to appreciate it sufficiently to wish to criticise it and yet preserve one's critical judgment with steadiness enough to do it.

Such a miracle of art deserves a miraculous interpretation, and so far as two of the characters are concerned it got it on Friday week and last Tuesday. That Bispham's Kurvenal was beyond all praise, almost goes without saying. It was nearly that when he last sang it, and now it is immeasurably better. Formerly it was ruggedly tender and alive: he gave us the faithful dumb animal with admirable verisimilitude. To that he has now added a last polish to the perfect beauty of his execution; and both in the singing and in acting he is the only Kurvenal to be thought of. To realize how far a real artist is from the crowd of Italian top F baritones, think of —, or even of — doing the part! But even Bispham was nearly pressed into the background by Jean de Reszke, whose Tristan I declare to be the greatest piece of operatic interpretation ever witnessed at Covent Garden, or (I dare say) in Europe. He acted finely in his way, even if that way is a little mechanical and consists too largely of the pump-handle movement of the arm. And in the last act there was little of this to complain of, while his singing, together with the infinitely pathetic scene on the stage, produced a result almost too overwhelming for mere human nerves to stand. Albani's Isolde was intensely silly and Italian-operatic, and made one wonder if this lady knew how she looked and how her singing sounded when it could be heard at all. Edouard de Reszke and a little gentleman who was rammed headforemost, as it were, into the part of Melot, must be left until after another performance of the work, to which I wish to refer again anyhow, for the sake of discussing Jean de Reszke's Tristan in rather fuller detail.

J. F. R.

DE MORTUIS.

THOSE lazy spectators of the pageant of life who love to reflect on the instability of human greatness have by this time yawned and gone to bed after reading the last of the subsiding rush of paragraphs about the late Sir Augustus Harris. The day after his death one of the greetings addressed to me was, "And so your old enemy is gone." This shocked me at the moment; for, though I had no illusions whatever about his imaginary greatness as an operatic reformer, I did

not dislike him personally; and I was naturally in a softer mood after the news of his premature death than I used to be at the time when, as a musical critic, I was making onslaught after onslaught on the spurious artistic prestige of Covent Garden. In those days the relations between us were certainly somewhat strained. There were seasons when I always sat down in my stall at Covent Garden with the virtuous consciousness of having paid hard money for it, instead of being the invited guest of the manager whose scalp it was my business to take. There were times, too, when I was warned that my criticisms were being collated by legal experts for the purpose of proving "prejudice" against me, and crushing me by mulcting my editor in fabulous damages. And, as sure as fate, if that editor had been a skinflint and a coward; if he had corruptly regarded his paper, in its critical relation to the fine arts, solely as a convenient instrument for unlimited sponging on managers, publishers, and picture-dealers for gratuitous boxes, stalls, books, prints and private-view invitations; if he had been willing to sell his critic for an advertisement or for an invitation to the dinner or garden parties of the smartest partisans of the fashionable tenor or prima donna of the season; or if he had been a hired editor at the mercy of a proprietor of that stamp, then I should have been silenced, as many other critics were silenced. But the late Edmund Yates was not that sort of editor. He had his faults; but he did not run away from his own sword for fear of cutting his fingers with it; he did not beg the tribute he could compel; and he had a strong and loyal *esprit de corps*. "The World" proved equal to the occasion in the conflict with Covent Garden; and finally my invitations to the Opera were renewed; the impresario made my personal acquaintance, and maintained the pleasantest personal relations with me from that time onward; and so, as I have said, when his death was announced, I was quite taken aback by the reference to our ancient warfare.

I refer to it myself now because it is well that the public should know the truth as to the perils of the relation between the Press, the theatre, and the law. I have sometimes been asked whether the attempt to suppress my criticism was made with a Napoleonic dispassionateness, as part of the routine of a huge commercial enterprise fighting for its monopoly as a matter of life or death, and bent on bringing the Press to its heel at any cost, or whether the impresario regarded me as a sort of critical cobra, unable to contain my venom, and subject to fits of blind, purposeless, altogether brutish fits of malicious rage against his splendid and beloved Opera. I reply that even if he had entertained the latter opinion of me—and no doubt, being only human, he may have done so once or twice for a day or so after reading some particularly exasperating sally of mine—yet the practical steps he took to silence or intimidate me were taken in legitimate self-defence, and were as much a part of his business as his advertisements were. All managers do the same—why should they not?—and that is why so few critics say what they think. Personal motives do not count for much in any theatre, even in the case of actor-managers who angrily profess them, simply because the commercial pressure under which a manager works, with his money flying away at the rate of from five hundred to a thousand a week, and no sort of certainty of the receipts amounting to fifty, will nail the touchiest actor to strict business if he is capable of management at all. But if this is true of the theatre, what must be the state of mind of the Covent Garden impresario, whose expenses for one performance would keep a theatre going for a fortnight? Such conditions bring the most wilful and thin-skinned man back to his business interests every time he lapses into petulance or sentimental generosity. Besides, there was one gigantic business obligation which was peculiar to Sir Augustus Harris. In ordinary theatrical management nobody proposes a policy of monopoly. It is quite understood that Mr. Alexander must count on the competition of Mr. Tree, Mr. Hare, Sir Henry Irving, and, in fact, as many competitors as there are suitable theatres in London. But the Augustan policy at Covent Garden was one of monopoly at all costs. The impresario well knew what the old system of two competing operas, one at Her Majesty's and the

other at Covent Garden, was like behind the scenes. To issue flashy lying prospectuses; to slip into your theatre by back ways so as to avoid the ambuscades of the unpaid chorus; to hold your artists spellbound with flattering conversations until after bank hour lest they should present their cheques before money could be scraped together to meet them: all these shifts and dodges of the bankrupt two-opera system were no part of the Harris régime, under which the credit of the Covent Garden treasury became as that of the Bank of England. Sir Augustus Harris paid more money every year to prevent artists from working for anybody else than some of his predecessors paid for work actually done on their stages. The grievance at Covent Garden was, not that you could not get your money, but that you were not allowed to earn it. He not only held Drury Lane and Covent Garden against all comers, but took Her Majesty's and locked it up until it was demolished. Even in smaller theatres tenants found clauses in their agreements barring Italian Opera. Just as he forestalled possible rivals as a pantomime manager by engaging all the stars of the music-hall, whether he had work for them or not, so, as an impresario, he engaged every operatic artist who showed the slightest promise of becoming a source of strength to a competitor. When Signor Lago discovered "Cavalleria," the Ravoglis, and Ancona, they were bought over his head immediately. There was no malice in the matter. The alternative to monopoly was bankruptcy. Sir Augustus Harris's triumph as a business impresario was his acceptance of that big condition and his achievement of the feat of finance and organization involved by it.

As an artistic impresario, he applied his Drury Lane experience of the stage management of crowds with great effect to a few simple melodramatic operas, notably to "William Tell," and afterwards to "La Navarraise" and "L'Attaque du Moulin." But the current notion that he could handle the masterpieces of dramatic music is a ludicrous delusion. I notice that "The World," forgetting its back numbers, says, "Sir Augustus Harris's most excellent work was his resuscitation of Grand Opera in England. Hitherto opera had spelt ruin, for it had been slipshod, inartistic, absurd. Sir Augustus Harris laboured to cast aside the fatuous conventions of the Italian school, and to adopt all that was best in the German stage." *Sancta simplicitas!* The truth is that he fought obstinately for the Italian fatuities against the German reforms. He was saturated with the obsolete operatic traditions of the days of Tietjens, whose Semiramide and Lucrezia he admired as great tragic impersonations. He described "Das Rheingold" as "a damned pantomime"; he persisted for years in putting "Tannhäuser" on the stage with Venusberg effects that would have disgraced a Whitechapel Road gaff, with the twelve horns on the stage replaced by a military band behind the scenes, and with Rotten Row trappings on the horses; he introduced *opéra-bouffe* warriors—girls with flaxen wigs and Greek helmets—into the Elysian Fields in Gluck's "Orfeo"; he could not be persuaded to engage a first-rate or even a second-rate conductor, or to make his stage manager at least ask somebody to tell him enough of the stories of the operas to prevent Meyerbeer's Huguenot soldiers from joining in the prayers of the Catholics, or to provide something more plausible for Gilda to die upon than a comfortable sofa placed in the middle of a street in a thunderstorm; he wasted the talents of dramatic singers like Maurel and Giulia Ravogli, who required intelligent management and casting to make the most of them; he could provide unlimited luxury and limelight, but not artistic incentive, for the wonderful bevy of singers, the De Reszkes, Melba, Eames, Calve, and Plançon, who were the real winners of his success; in short, he did and undid and left undone such things as I dare not set down here at this moment lest I should jog the memory of the Recording Angel to his peril. It was only in the last few years that he began to learn something from Calve and the young Italian school, from Wagner, from Massenet and Bruneau, and from Verdi's latest works. Had he been merely an ignorant man, it would have been much better for him; for then he might have had that advantage over his predecessors which Mr. Archer lays his

finger on in speaking of his start as manager of Drury Lane—"he was too young and practical to be in the least degree hampered by tradition." In opera, unfortunately, he was soaked in tradition, and kept London a quarter of a century behind New York and Berlin—down almost to the level of Paris—in dramatic music.

As to his making opera pay, he did not succeed in doing that until he was in business on an enormous scale, and was making one enterprise pay for another, besides raising the price of the stalls on the best nights to twenty-five shillings. Then he at last declared the usual privately subscribed subvention more trouble than it was worth, and did without it. The Opera had by that time grown to dimensions of which his predecessors never dreamt. It overflowed from Covent Garden into Drury Lane; the superfluous artists, engaged only to secure them from capture by Signor Lago or Mr. Mapleson, were turned to account at a second series of performances; the chorus was engaged for the year instead of the season; spring seasons and winter seasons were added; cheap performances of "Faust," "Cavalleria," "The Bohemian Girl," "Lohengrin," "I Pagliacci," and "Hansel and Gretel" were kept going like Madame Tussaud's or the Crystal Palace; companies were sent into the provinces; and finally, when the non-musical side of the huge business was brought in as well—the Drury Lane pantomime, the melodramas, and all their offshoots—the fact that this or that summer night at Covent Garden, taken by itself, might not pay, was of no more account than the fact that the billposting, taken by itself, did not pay. I have always said that to criticize Sir Augustus Harris it was not enough to be a musician: one had to be an economist as well; and the columns of elaborate error emptied on his grave abundantly prove how right I was. Quite the most enthralling memorial of him would be the publication of his accounts, if he kept any. Copies should be appended of the contracts imposed by him on the more dependent classes of artists engaged. The extent to which he succeeded in inducing such people to place themselves at his disposal when wanted without exacting any reciprocal obligation would considerably astonish those innocent persons who think of the operatic stage as a specially free and irresponsible profession. You can drive a second-class prima donna to sign an agreement that a mason, a carpenter, or an engine-fitter, backed by their Trade-Unions, would tear up and throw in your face.

To discuss the operations of a commercial organization of this extent as if they were the outcome of the private character of the entrepreneur is idle. It is like discussing whether the battle of Waterloo was a humane proceeding on Wellington's part, or a personally courageous one on Napoleon's. The Reverend Dr. Ker Gray, we are told, gave an impressive address at the funeral on the work of the dead man, "honest, honourable, straightforward." But one feels a want of real life in this description—after all, the reverend gentleman may say as much for the next bookmaker he buries, or for Prince Bismarck. Big games are played with the cards on the table; and in businesses where there is no trust all payments are prompt. What the orator meant was, I suspect, that Sir Augustus Harris was impatient of humbug; that he was proud of promising the public nothing, and giving them gorgeous value for their money as a matter of course; and that he pursued his business simply and with integrity, simplicity and integrity being possible in everything, from burglary to martyrdom. But we have not yet heard the devil's advocate on his case. Was he, for instance, a good employer as well as a punctual paymaster—I do not mean to Messieurs de Reszke and Mesdames Melba and Eames, but to "extra" ladies and gentlemen (formerly called "supers"), to the rank and file of his orchestras, and to the multitude of poor people who are needed in the business of a great showman, and who are helplessly at the mercy of their master? Did he ever, in feasting the public with the annual melodramatic display of stage sport, stage "high life," and jingo stage war, ever sacrifice a farthing to any consideration for the sincerity or morality of the sentiments he was appealing to? Did he produce or encourage the production of

any great work of art, new or old, for its own sake? Did the advance that was visible in his later enterprises spring from anything deeper than a famous man's desire to live up to his reputation, and an ambitious plutocrat's pride in having the dearest of everything? I really do not know; and neither do the writers who have been cheapening public applause by writing of him in terms which would flatter a great prime minister.

For my own part I confess to liking the man better than I had any reason to like him. There was a certain pathos about him, with a touch of humour; and I do not doubt the assurances of his friends that he was very sensitive to stories of distress. But I know that he was not a great manager; and I am not convinced that he was even a very clever one. Attentive observers of great "captains of industry" know that their success often comes to them in spite of themselves—that instead of planning and guiding complicated enterprises with a master-hand, they are simply following the slot of the market with a sort of doglike instinct into the centre of all sorts of enterprises which are too big to be upset by their misunderstandings. I am perfectly certain that if Sir Augustus Harris had managed the Opera according to his own ideas, he would have destroyed it quite as effectually as Mr. Mapleson did. It seems hardly credible now that I once exhausted myself, in the columns of "The World," in apparently hopeless attempts to shame the de Reszkes out of their perpetual Faust and Mephistopheles, Romeo and Laurent, and in poohpooed declarations that there were such works in existence as "Die Walküre" and "Tristan." It was not Sir Augustus Harris that roused Jean de Reszke from his long lethargy, but his own artistic conscience and the shock of Vandyk's brilliant success in Massenet's "Manon." To-day I am told that Jean de Reszke is playing Tristan with unspeakable glory to Edouard's King Mark; and my "World" successor is telling his readers—my readers—that the performance is "a passion flower on Sir Augustus Harris's grave," and of "the happy expression on his face two years ago, when he told us of the delight he had in preparation for us." My dear Mr. Hichens, you should have seen the happy expression on his face five or six years ago, when I used to urge that "Tristan," having been composed in 1859, was perhaps a little overdue. I do not grudge the grave its passion flowers; but I do suggest that the next great impresario who takes thirty-seven years to realize the value of a masterpiece must not be surprised if he finds that not even his premature death on the eve of its production will persuade an "old enemy" that he died of artistic enthusiasm.

In short, on this subject, I am, like the gentleman in "The Corsican Brothers," "still implacable." I said it all when he was alive; I say it now that he is dead; and I shall say it again whenever I see the Press bowing a little too low before commercial success, and offering it the wreaths that belong to genius and devotion alone.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

NOW that the half-year is over and dividends are out, money is again as cheap as ever. Money is easily obtainable at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for day-to-day loans and short periods. In the early part of the week, however, money was in great demand, owing to the half-yearly requirements, and the rate ranged between $\frac{3}{4}$ and 2 per cent. for day-to-day loans, and between 1 and $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for short periods. The Discount Market was dull and rates ranged between $\frac{5}{8}$ and $1\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. for three, four, and six months' paper. The Bank rate remains unaltered at 2 per cent. Business on the Stock Exchange was in general rather restricted. Consols touched 114 on Wednesday, and closed on Thursday at 113 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 113 $\frac{3}{4}$. All gilt-edged securities are dearer, and Colonial stocks are also harder.

Home Railways were dull in the early part of the week on account of the dispute between the South Yorkshire Colliery proprietors and the Great Northern and Midland Railway Companies; but on Thursday there was a partial recovery in prices, and the tone of the

market was better. The traffic returns were not especially remarkable. Among lines showing an increase, we note the Great Western (£9,580), the Midland (£6,823), the London and North-Western (£2,551), the Great Eastern (£1,801), the Sheffield (£1,606), &c. Among lines showing decreases are the North-Eastern (£8,553), the South-Eastern (£2,457), the Great Northern (£1,695), and Taff Vale (£1,366), &c. American Railways were $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 below Saturday's prices; they were unsettled by the rumours regarding the silver "platform" at Chicago. The news of further gold shipments, and unfavourable statements for the month of May, contributed to depress the market. Canadian Pacific shares fluctuated between 61 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 62 $\frac{1}{4}$.

The South American Market did not present any features of great interest. The Presidential election in Chili is still undecided, but it will make no difference in the financial situation whether Señor Errazuriz or Señor Reyes is finally elected. Report says that the new Chilean Loan of Rothschilds is, after all, to be brought out shortly. There is nothing new, or cheerful, to mention about Brazil, and the exchange remains weak. Government stocks are dull, and lower in price. We are still waiting for the Argentine Unification Bill and its details. The gold premium is about 192, and the recent heavy fall in steamer freights, which are now about 60 per cent. lower than they were a year ago, is of great help to shippers.

The Paris liquidation is proceeding satisfactorily, and both Italian and Spanish stocks are higher; but Turkish and Ottoman Bank shares are lower. The last China Five per Cents issued here are strong at about 3 premium; whilst German Certificates are offered at 2 premium. The Foreign Market generally was quiet and dull. The South African Market was quite neglected. "Chartered" shares were very flat. There is an apprehension that the rinderpest will spread to the remaining States of South Africa, and result in further rebellions of natives. Little business was done in the General Mining Market. Rio Tinto shares, after dropping to 23 $\frac{1}{2}$, closed on Thursday at 24 $\frac{1}{2}$. Copper, for delivery at £49 $\frac{1}{2}$, is 10s. lower than a week ago; but there is hardly any change in the statistical position. Silver was easier at 31 $\frac{1}{8}$ d., and Rupee-paper at 64 $\frac{1}{2}$.

A friend assures us that Mr. Cassel was not a partner of, nor had he any connexion with, Bischoffsheim, when the firm of Bischoffsheim & Co. brought out the ill-fated Honduras loans. We are the more willing to publish this statement as we never wished to assert that Mr. Cassel had any responsibility for the Honduras loans.

It is not generally known that there are large gold districts in British Malaya, and that the country is naturally favourable to mining owing to the abundance of timber, water, and the cheapness of labour and transport. In the Negri Sembilan district, which is the richest in the peninsula, a large area has been acquired by an English syndicate registered under the name of the W. W. Development Syndicate, the *modus operandi* of which, we understand, will be to sell from time to time portions of the estate to subsidiary companies. It will be interesting to see whether Malaya deserves its title of the Golden Chersonese.

In reply to "K. J. L.," "An Original Proprietor," "A Founders' Shareholder," and "Doubtful," we may state that pressure of space has prevented us from dealing with their communications respecting the New Investment and Guardian Trust. Apart from this, however, though we fully agree with the tenour of their complaints, it does not seem to us that newspaper correspondence would be likely to bring about an adjustment of our correspondents' grievances.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

NEW PREMIER CYCLE COMPANY, LIMITED.

We look upon the New Premier Cycle Company, Limited, as an audacious promotion, formed merely to take advantage of the all-absorbing cycle "boom."

Such a scheme as this will not help to make *bona-fide* cycle companies popular with the investing public; on the contrary, we think it is calculated to check legitimate enterprise in that direction. To begin with, the New Premier Cycle Company, which now blossoms forth with a share and debenture capital of £700,000, was contented with a capital of only £108,000 when it was known as the Premier Cycle Company, Limited. The latter company, we are now told, was virtually a private company; but if our memory does not deceive us, the Directors endeavoured to make it an exceedingly public concern, so far as the subscription of capital was concerned. But, before becoming the Premier Cycle Company, Limited, with a capital of £108,000, this concern was known as Hillman, Herbert, & Cooper, Limited, so it is evident that the company-promoter has been very busy with the undertaking ever since its inception. The promoters of the "New" Company are the City of London Contract Corporation—otherwise Messrs. Thomas and Henry O'Hagan, to whose indifferent projects we have frequently directed attention. The prospectus does not appear to furnish any reason for the present reconstruction, and we should imagine it would be very difficult to find a good one. A certain rate of profit has been certified as having been earned by the old company during the years 1894-5, but this "profit" has been arrived at "before charging interest on debentures, managing directors' salaries, or Income-tax." The exact number of gentlemen who, as managing directors, draw salaries is not stated, nor are the almost infinitesimal "profits" of the years previous to 1894 referred to. Neither is there any mention whatever of a dividend ever having been paid; so we may safely take it that the "interest on debentures," "the managing directors' salaries," and "the Income-tax" swallowed up all the wonderful "profit." Our readers may take it that a company which could not pay a dividend on a £108,000 capital will find some difficulty in providing one in regard to a capital of £700,000.

JOKER PROPRIETARY GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

The Joker Proprietary Gold Mines, Limited, has been formed with a capital of £200,000 in £1 shares to acquire a property of about 165 acres in the well-known district of Yalgoo, Western Australia. The Company makes its appearance under satisfactory auspices, and the prospectus contains some very favourable opinions upon the value of the property to be acquired.

THE CAMBRIDGE, LIMITED.

In connexion with our recent criticism of the above Company, we have received the following letter:

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, W.C., 25 June, 1896.

SIR,—The firm of valuers (Thomson & Braithwaite, by name) whom you refer to in your exposure of the Cambridge, Limited, really consists of Mr. Thomson, the solicitor. This gentleman is probably a friend of Mr. Edward Beall, seeing how suddenly he has become a company solicitor. Mr. Thomson very likely thought it best to have the name of another lawyer on the prospectus of the Cambridge, Limited, if only because of the large number of companies he has already put his name to in conjunction with "Thomson & Braithwaite." That firm has had no experience in regard to the valuation of music-hall properties; the business was formerly carried on by Mr. Thomson's late father as an auctioneer's, &c., in Bloomsbury, and Mr. Braithwaite was, I believe, one of the clerks employed by him.—Yours, &c. H. E. S.

This will give our readers some idea of the curious manner in which financial schemes are prepared. For ourselves, we have heard of many strange proceedings in the legal world; but we have never before met a gentleman who combined with his profession as a solicitor the business of an "auctioneer and valuer." It is quite a new departure.

GLOUCESTER GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

The Gloucester Gold Mining Company, Limited, has been formed to acquire properties situated in the so-called Hauraki "goldfields," in New Zealand. Our opinion of these New Zealand schemes, which are

periodically thrust upon the public by greedy financiers, is well known. The prospectus only gives carefully-edited "extracts" from the reports of certain engineers on the property offered to the public. We have previously pointed out that mere extracts from such reports as these are worse than valueless. We can see nothing to recommend in this Company, and we advise our readers to have nothing to do with it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

CRADOCK, 5 June, 1896.

SIR,—I beg to tender you my best thanks for your defence of my conduct in the late Transvaal crisis in your issue of 16 May. It is gratifying to find that there is at least one English paper of standing that has not blindly followed the distorted statements of mendacious or wholly ignorant contemporaries.

I must, however, take the liberty of correcting your remarks relative to my veracity. Firstly, with reference to my report that the Transvaal Government had requested the intervention of Germany and France, which you are disposed to regard as a political expedient for a certain object. This was not the case; the information was given me in the strictest confidence by . . . [mentioning the names of high officials of the Transvaal*]. His Honour the President having since denied that the intervention had been asked for, I have no right or wish to challenge his word; but the source from which I received the information would not have been doubted by any one in my position.

Secondly, regarding the private promise I am alleged to have made to the members of the Reform Committee, that if they brought about a peaceful disarmament the Transvaal Government would grant a free pardon. This is also incorrect. What I did say to individual members of the Committee, who asked what would be done to them, was that I had no *official* information or any intimation on that point, but that, in my *private* opinion, nothing would be done. Any one knowing the circumstances and the attitude of the President would have been justified in drawing such an inference.

I addressed a despatch to Mr. Chamberlain on 1 May, reviewing the events of the crisis and my actions in connexion therewith, giving proofs of the statements therein, to which I have received no reply. I have cabled requesting publication. Should my request not be complied with, I shall do myself the honour of forwarding a copy to the SATURDAY REVIEW.

I may add to the above that no recognition of any services I have rendered has been received by me from the English Government; possibly any such services have never been reported. In addition to the slight and contemptuous treatment, a paltry pension of £300 has been offered me by way of recognition. My resignation, as you suggest, was forced upon me by the treatment I received.—I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

J. A. DE WET.

[We have pleasure in publishing this letter from Sir Jacobus de Wet. With regard to his first point, it must be said at once that his veracity is clearly established. As for his second, we are of opinion that Her Majesty's representative should not have given his private opinions, nor have done more than advise the Johannesburgers to disarm. Still, it appears Sir Jacobus was right: he said no harm would be done them, and none has been done, for in the circumstances the fines inflicted were a light punishment; and this shows how well Sir Jacobus knew President Kruger. The last portion of the letter gives cause for great regret. That Mr. Chamberlain does not disdain to introduce pettifoggery Brummagem methods into Imperial politics, we have observed before now; but to offer a man who has served his country faithfully for fifteen years, and who rendered valuable services in the recent crisis, a retiring pension of £300 a year is disgraceful.—ED. S. R.]

* Sir Jacobus de Wet gives us the names of these gentlemen, but under "the strictest seal of secrecy"; therefore we cannot disclose them.

REVIEWS.

MADELON.

"Madelon." By Mary E. Wilkins. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. 1896.

EVERY discriminating admirer of Miss Wilkins's previous work will be grieved at this new book of hers, and will cast about for some explanation of its existence. Such calamities do not come by chance. One feels instinctively that an aberration of this sort, at once so grave and so unlooked for, ought to be traced back to its cause, if only in the interests of pathology.

Miss Wilkins served a long and industrious apprenticeship in the craft of novel-writing before she achieved critical recognition as a skilled workman. The fact that the popular recognition of her merits came at about the same time was a piece of good fortune which pleased everybody—all the more when it seemed apparent that it had not turned her head. Here was no case of an untrained amateur stumbling unexpectedly into public notice with a "Yellow Aster" or some "Heavenly Twins," and mistaking the notoriety obtained by her uncouth novelty for a mandate to join the immortals forthwith. Miss Wilkins had learned how to write, had laboriously mastered the methods of producing in its most appropriate form the best that it was in her to do, before she had the luck to claim general attention. This separated her at once, by a broad line of demarcation, from most of the other new favourites in the field of fiction whose contemporary "booms" are now forgotten. Almost alone among them she knew her business; she had formed a style, and adapted it with so much art to the presentation of a certain class of subjects that within their range she had no rivals to fear; it could be seen that she had "come to stay."

As has been said, there were no evidences at the time that success would harm her. She had won her spurs, so to speak, by the relatively difficult test of the short tale. In America there are a hundred or more writers, chiefly women, who produce for their innumerable magazines, periodicals, and "fiction-syndicates" of the newspaper press, an endless multitude of short stories about the village and farm life of New England, all displaying a certain facility, all possessing in a tolerable degree the quality of being readable. If there was anything under the sun which might be supposed to have been done to death, it was the New England short story. Yet it was with this hackneyed specialty, and from among this throng of fairly equipped competitors, that Miss Wilkins rose to fame. Gradually it came to be perceived that here was an artist who not only saw the ancient landscape with a new eye, but had learned how to paint what she saw. The feeling for beauty, the grasp of character, the sense of humour exhibited in these brief tales of hers, forced themselves upon the attention of discerning people little by little, until all at once the reputation was made. Then for the first time Miss Wilkins essayed a larger canvas. "Jane Field" is not a long book, as novels go, but it is bulky enough to stand in a volume by itself. In another sense it stands alone, as the best piece of work its author has ever done. To find that one who had, as it were, taken the prize for short stories possessed the ability to enter another department of fiction, and to turn out such an admirable novel as "Jane Field," produced upon us all, naturally enough, an impression of exceptional powers. Another and longer novel, "Pembroke," followed at a creditable interval. Perhaps it lacked something of the fragrant quaintness and originality of the other, but it was of excellent workmanship, and preserved very well the effect of fine thought and distinction of manner which had come to be associated with the author's work. If it was not assuredly an advance, it could not be called a backward step.

Then, in an evil hour, a "syndicate," which supplies American newspapers with novelettes for serial publication in very brief daily instalments, offered last year a series of prizes for four "detective" stories. The conditions were that they should be of a certain stipulated length, and so constructed as to divide up into a given number of parts, each ending with a dramatic accentua-

tion of the accumulating mystery. The first prize, which, if we remember rightly, was £600, was to go to the writer who best succeeded in the task of baffling the reader's curiosity up to the very last instalment. Perhaps there was something said about literary merit, but the main point insisted upon was that of the ingenious mechanical puzzle. There were over two thousand competitors, and the first prize was awarded to a tale called "The Long Arm," written in collaboration by a hitherto unheard-of man and Miss Mary E. Wilkins!

"The Long Arm" has been reprinted in England (without mention of the fact that Miss Wilkins is only in part responsible for it), along with the three other stories which obtained the minor prizes. They are all pretty bad, but we should be surprised at the expert in that kind of fiction who did not decide that "The Long Arm" was the worst of the lot. The American newspaper readers, for whose delectation the tales had been written, were undoubtedly surprised at its having been adjudged the best, and the "syndicate" felt it necessary to explain to the public at great length the system of adjudication by which the result had been reached. But with this we have no concern. "The Long Arm" speaks for itself, and may be consulted by those who are curious to plumb the depths of balderdash and bathos to which a trained writer deems it essential to descend, in order to tickle the fancy of the American syndicate's patrons.

That this escapade gave annoyance to the admirers of "Jane Field" and "The New England Nun" is not to be denied. But it was charitably remembered that the author had toiled over her delicate and exacting good work with signal assiduity for years, and that if the whim had seized her to break into the routine and find diversion in a prank of this sort, after all it was her own affair and should by no means be taken too seriously. Accordingly, her admirers said as little as possible about "The Long Arm," and by common consent hastened to forget the fact of its existence.

Unhappily, Miss Wilkins has been less wise than her friends. So far from allowing the incident of her prize-winning in that ignoble lottery to pass into vague memory as a whimsical chance-experience, she seems to have accepted it as a revelation of her true mission in literature. By what melancholy perversity of mind she has evolved this delusion it is impossible to say. But the fact itself is before us, and it is an unpleasant one to contemplate.

"Madelon" is a book of 340 pages, and of these hardly a score are in any degree worthy of the hand that wrote "Jane Field." With the possible exception of two or three little descriptions of snow-bound landscape, there is nothing even in those twenty pages equal to the best that Miss Wilkins has done in other days. At the very outset a scene is sketched which gives a deceptive promise of charm. In the pale darkness of a winter evening, with fresh snow cloaking the earth and bending down the fir-boughs overhead, we hear the Hautville family singing together in an old-fashioned fugue before we see them. "There was a wonderful soprano, a tenor, a bass, one sweet boy's voice, a bass-viol, and a violin." The suggestion of this household, with its alien strains of French and Indian ancestry and its heritage of impulses toward trapping and the chase, planted in the severely practical Yankee environment and consoling itself with chamber-music for the slights and snubs of its unsympathetic neighbours, is very attractive. But having dimly outlined this picture, the author at once proceeds to overlay it with absurd and meaningless melodrama. When the whole is done, one still faintly remembers the pleasant promise of the first few pages; but it is as if it belonged to some other book.

The obvious intention is to subordinate everything else to our interest in Madelon Hautville. As the author conceives her, this half-breed heroine is talented, fearless, impassioned, and wildly beautiful enough to tax the resources of the most ingeniously sensational of plots. The determination to provide for her sufficiently violent situations reveals itself at the beginning of the action. Long before the action breaks down under the undue strain—which is when the book is a third done—our credulity and patience are alike at low ebb. After

that, the eccentric operations of the machinery employed in pumping vitalizing episodes into the narrative are so much more interesting to watch than is the story itself, that one gets practically no coherent notion of what it is all about. In the third chapter Madelon rather unaccountably stabs the man whom she madly loves, but who is courting another girl, and then discovers that her victim is really not this man, but his cousin, who loves her, and whom she ought to love but does not. The cousin who was not stabbed at once takes the responsibility for the crime on his own shoulders, substitutes his own carefully initialled weapon for the equally plainly signed blade she had used, and goes to prison. She announces her guilt over and over again to everybody who will listen, but they are only bored by her persistency. The men-folk of her own family, who are constantly spoken of as lion-hearted and daring to a degree, but *do* nothing except bully, threaten, lie, or run away throughout the book, are divided in their minds as to whether she is a fool or a lunatic. At length, however, the man who was stabbed, but has lived for months afterwards, states publicly that he committed the deed himself. Upon this, without process of law apparently, the innocent cousin is released. But much more than half of the book remains to be filled up, and there ensues a prolix and confusing jumble of cross-purposes, with four people pledging themselves and the others to marriages which the least-skilled student of fiction for the million can see will never occur: they then disentangle themselves to slow music, and eventually pair off on a new basis in the interest of a happy ending.

That Miss Wilkins has a notable talent for the delineation of character we all know. She exhibits scarcely a trace of it in "Madelon." One figure in the book, the man who was stabbed by mistake, occasionally develops certain individual qualities in his speech, but by some unfortunate mischance these all remind one of the elderly wronged husband in "The Scarlet Letter." The other figures have not even that merit. Madelon herself, we can see, produces a vivid impression upon the author. Unhappily Miss Wilkins does not at any point enforce this impression upon the reader. In her anxiety to keep the sails of her melodramatic windmill in continuous and spectacular activity, she altogether loses sight of the fact that no corn is being ground. So absorbed is she in the effort to please the new public which is supposed to have approved "The Long Arm" that her sense of style quite disappears. Within twenty-five lines on p. 196 one finds "great boots," "great chest," "great artist," "great player," and "great viol." Nor from first to last is it possible to fix even an approximate date for the action of the story. Some of the talk is very modern; some of the dress-fabrics and fashions belong to the beginning of the century. But this is of only minor importance, because the story and the people would have been equally preposterous in any known period.

We are loth to come to the conclusion that so talented and valuable a writer as Miss Wilkins has dropped out of the ranks for good. But it must be said in all frankness that "Madelon" is as unworthy of her talent as "Jane Field" was worthy, and that, if she cannot see this, her literary reputation is bound to suffer.

MR. RICKETTS'S NEW BOOKS.

"Milton—Early Poems." London: published by Ricketts & Hacon at the Sign of the Dial. 1896.

"Epicurus, Leontion, and Ternissa." By Walter Savage Landor. London: published by Ricketts & Hacon at the Sign of the Dial. 1896.

"The Poems of Sir John Suckling." London: published by Ricketts & Hacon at the Sign of the Dial. 1896.

IT is a matter of some strangeness that two men of such different temperaments as Mr. Whistler and Mr. William Morris should have produced the first two modern books endowed with an element of proportion and beauty—Mr. Whistler's "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" and Mr. William Morris's "The Roots of the Mountain" both appearing almost simultaneously in 1890. A few months after this Mr. Ricketts followed suit with some books for Messrs. Osgood & McIlvaine, remembered more, perhaps, for their bindings than for

their format, if, indeed, they are remembered at all, in the light of what has happened since. With the formation of the Kelmscott Press and its unique combination of conditions, the period of experiment or merely tasteful arrangement of material (in itself most admirable) ceases, and we find a serious effort to make the book not only what it had been in the past, but to add to these old lost conditions of thoroughness a new element, brought there by the artist fashioning the book in its every page and particle.

About contemporary with the Kelmscott books appeared the Vale editions of "Daphnis and Chloë" and "Hero and Leander." These must be considered apart from the myriads of volumes with which England and America have for the last few years been flooded, containing more or less æsthetic illustrations—illustrations that we are assured are imagined in relation to the text. The Vale books were not only anterior to these, but they, moreover, contained *original engraving*, and perhaps, when the revival of the art of wood-cutting sets in, their importance will be more fully recognized. Although the page of type was controlled by the artist, it did not satisfy Mr. Ricketts's exigencies. In the books we have before us he has designed an entirely new type.

That this desire for perfection in every part is due to enthusiasm and not to fashion (indeed, work so thorough as this should make the fashion) is the last thing that people will realize, and it is curious that those who are for ever prattling of "finish" are the most backward to recognize this quality, when placed before a work of art. Mr. Ricketts's work is finished as only that of the scholar who knows the limitations as well as the possibilities of his material can be.

His Vale type is singularly round and legible; in some particulars it would seem to be more like that of Spira than any other, though we have heard that Jenson has been the governing influence. Theoretically the fault of the beautiful old classical founts would be that of resembling writing too closely; Mr. Ricketts has given us a distinctly *cut* type rather than a written one, suggesting a relationship to the *cut* design accompanying it. We sympathize with the innovation, if it may be called so, in the small g, though we confess to be somewhat doubtful about that in the small u. We know of no book which appears to us of nobler build than the early poems of Milton. The beautiful and extremely important frontispiece bears on "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"; here we have "the pensive nun devout and pure," and "The delightful folly without father bred." We are inclined to regret that this illustration does not face the two poems. The woodcut itself is a splendid example of the *pure* woodcut—that is, white cut out of black, not conceived pettily, like Bewick, but done with marvellous breadth and exquisite skill. The handling is entirely individual and new, and is certainly not the drawn line of the great German school. The edition mainly followed has the advantage of having been originally corrected by Milton himself, and thus to represent the poet's spelling. A notable variation between this edition and the current one occurs in the "Ode to the Nativity," where

"orb'd in a rainbow, and like glories wearing
Mercy will sit between,"

is rendered

"Th' enameld arras of the rainbow wearing
And Mercy set between."

We are also spared the corrections of Milton's text to suit modern notions of scansion.

The Landor is a beautiful little piece of bookmaking, and Messrs. Ricketts and Hacon have done wisely in choosing what is probably the finest of all Landor's imaginary conversations. The workmanship and design of the border on the front page is beyond praise; it is probably one of the most perfect books of its size ever published.

"The Poems of Sir John Suckling" promises to be the best edition so far of this better known than edited English gentleman and poet. It is refreshing to find this un-Bowdlerized; and, with its border of honeysuckle, and its binding of flowered paper, it is perhaps the most attractive of the first three of Messrs. Ricketts & Hacon's Vale books. Indeed all the bindings are too tasteful for the merely temporary purpose we under-

stand they are intended for, and it will prove a temptation not to part with the boards.

That Mr. Ricketts will never achieve the success with the public which has attended the productions of unlearned disciples, as, for instance, Mr. Anning Bell, is certain. He is too great a scholar, too fine a craftsman, to appeal to any considerable audience. Strength is too often measured by size, so the power of his art may be easily passed over. We would not for one moment undervalue the noble and accomplished work of Mr. William Morris, one of the greatest Englishmen of the century; but we are at the same time sensible of the greater modernity of Mr. Ricketts, and of his wider catholicity of taste as a designer and a book-maker. The younger men of our generation are too often accused of arriving at easy ends easily. Mr. Ricketts has not only grappled with extraordinary material difficulties, but has, unaided by any one excepting only his friend, Mr. C. H. Shannon, already produced an amount of work which would, we believe, astonish Mr. Morris himself. The number of woodcuts (thirty-six) in "The Daphnis and Chloë" alone is something considerable, Blake being celebrated for eighteen. With the knowledge of all times, Mr. Ricketts is perfectly of his own.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AS AN APOLOGIST.

"The Philosophy of Belief; or, Law in Christian Theology." By the Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T. London: John Murray. 1896.

THE sincere respect men naturally feel for the lofty aims of those who write treatises upon Christian apologetics brings with it a practical disadvantage. The solemn pages exude an atmosphere fragrant with the incense of devout centuries; the mind becomes attuned to sublime immemorial harmonies, and to criticize or to refute seems a brawling in the very presence of the altar. And yet no examination of the Christian apologist can be too rigorous. The ambassador in *partes infidelium* is the most likely enemy of his cause. Among the faithful error and ignorance will do little harm; in the other camp the conclusion will be judged from the arguments offered in support of it. We propose, therefore, to transcend, so far as may be, all extrinsic emotion, and to examine the Duke's treatise in the coldest fashion.

The first half of the volume deals with "Intuitive Theology." The Duke attempts to prove that a faith he already believes is rational, and that a proper consideration of natural phenomena inevitably leads to the conclusion from which (although it was his apparent goal) he really set out. His first step is a laborious expansion of John Stuart Mill's proposition that nature "includes not only all that happens, but all that is capable of happening." The Duke's intention is to cut away the ground from those who object to what is commonly termed *supernatural* as essentially incredible. Believing in the real existence of the so-called supernatural, he exclaims that as it exists it must be natural. Unfortunately, it is the existence of the so-called supernatural which is the question at issue; and the reason why any distinction between natural and supernatural has been made is simply this:—the real existence (in the naïve acceptance of the phrase) of the natural is the common experience of all humanity: as each civilization has passed out of its childhood the real existence of the supernatural has been doubted or disputed by a number of intelligent thinkers. The Duke's opponents will readily agree with him that there is no supernatural; but their agreement will not be of a kind to flatter his pretensions as an apologist.

The second, greater point of the Duke is a rehabilitation of the argument from design. He takes, for instance, the case of the development of an animal provided with teeth, and very correctly states that the teeth must grow and do grow before they are used:—"But in Nature the triturating apparatus grows, or is developed, with the very germ of the organism which needs it—but always before the need arises. And thus we can see, and be absolutely sure, that it is *for* use, and not *by* use, that it is developed. Some foreseeing of that which is to come presides over the whole opera-

tion. Natural selection, as an agency in developing structures prior to their functional use, if it has any meaning at all, is simply a mental and directing choice." So far, of course, as the development of an individual goes, the argument is totally incapable of bearing the Duke's conclusion. As an observed fact, tooth-bearing animals give rise to tooth-bearing progeny, and the immediate explanation of the appearance of teeth in a young kitten is that its father and mother before it had teeth. If the Duke were merely expounding the antique theological tenet that every individual development was a special creative act of the Deity, his argument might serve as an illustration of his proposition. As an argument for the existence and operation of a designing mind, it depends upon the interpretation of heredity and of evolution. No doubt from some vague inversion of Von Baer's law that individual development repeats phylogenetic development, the Duke argues that, because in an individual teeth appear before the need for chewing, so also in the history of the race teeth were brought into existence as a provision for a preconceived use. The Duke, like every other man, is perfectly entitled to his opinion; and when, some years ago, he propounded it in the pages of "Nature," it received due attention at the hands of experts in biological problems. But it is a blunder of the gravest description to introduce as an argument in support of so serious an issue an opinion that was almost unanimously rejected by those who had given special attention to the questions involved.

The Duke's third great argument is almost supernatural in its fatuity. It is contained in a long chapter entitled "Intuitive Theology: Recognitions in the Structure of Language." We are all familiar with the method of the schoolboy who begins his essay with the derivation of the leading word in his title. Hear the Duke, and compare! "The great advances, for example, which have been made by modern science in discovering the real nature of heat, and light, and sound, are all covered by anticipation in that wonderful Greek word *ἐνέργεια*—energy—a word which embraces conceptions as wide as all our possible knowledge of the Universe." The Duke cannot remember that, if you propose to prove a proposition, an acceptance of its truth must not be a major premiss in every argument to be employed. He is apparently convinced that words, like organs, were miraculously created with a view to their future functions. He entirely leaves out of count all the modern conception of development by change and extension of function, without which any arguments dealing with words or with living things are meaningless to modern men. His arguments as to the testimony borne by the use of such words as "plan" and "type" in older scientific writings, or the more modern employment of "homology" and "function," will fall on unheeding ears. In this connexion, however, we cannot refrain from quoting as an instance of the Duke's intelligence and temper as a Christian apologist his grave approval of de Vere's gibe. The real position of the negative school of thought, he says, will be better understood if the Latin equivalent "*ignoramus*" be substituted for the Greek "*agnostic*."

It is unnecessary to say much about the second part of this volume. The author writes successively upon the theology of the Hebrews and upon Christian theology. These chapters might have been written a century ago, and they are interesting only as evidence of how far a clever and reverent man has been able to isolate himself from modern scholarship. The problems raised by our wider knowledge of kindred religions, of old-world folk-lore and customs, of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Chaldean antiquities, and above all of the history and real nature of the Bible, have raised problems without attacking which the work of any apologist is useless.

THE CHURCH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

"The History of the English Church and People in South Africa." By A. Theodore Wirgman, B.D., D.C.L. London: Longmans. 1895.

WE should feel grateful to a writer who has set himself the task of compiling a history of South Africa and of its Church in terse, readable form. The

book is not too large, and is full of information. The opening chapters, dealing with the sailing of the Portuguese under Bartholomew Dias, in 1486, into the unknown Southern Sea, their landing in Angra Pequena Bay, and the setting up of their stone cross, which, after standing there for over 300 years, found its way to the museum at Lisbon, are full of interest. The happy relations which the Dutch colonists of those days had with their native dependents; their simple piety; the introduction of slavery, indeed, as might have been expected, but slavery which was never disgraced by the brutalities which accompanied it in other countries; the law that slaves should be taught Christianity; the schools for slave children; the establishment of the first Dutch Reformed Consistory in 1665—all give us a picture of the early days of European life at the Cape which is well worth reading.

Then come the inevitable complications and controversies attendant on a young nation making for itself a home, with an ever-growing population, over an ever-increasing area. The Cape Governors' power over their people decreased as land was occupied further and further from Capetown; and their sturdy religious backbone seems for a time to have been left behind, for, a Netherlands official, inspecting the colony, could report "that he had observed with amazement and sorrow how little interest was taken in the public services of religion." However, those days are passed, and the staunch support of their religion is now one of the most marked features of the Dutch race in South Africa; and even in the temporary decadence, a large number of the farmers were teaching their coloured dependents themselves. This interest of the Dutch in the moral welfare of the native races subsequently died out; but its revival among the higher classes is to-day one of the happiest signs of the time in South Africa. When Capetown, in 1803, ceased to be a Dutch possession, and passed into the hands of the English, a new régime set in, the results of which we see to-day.

When Dr. Wirgman writes on the subject of Kaffir wars we soon see that the native will meet with scant pity at his hands. He is obviously right in not agreeing with the sentiment he puts into the mouth of the England of Wilberforce that "the Kaffir was a black man, and therefore in the right"; but neither can we sympathize with the theory that the Kaffir is a black man, and therefore in the wrong. In every dispute the writer impresses us as holding a brief for the white man against the black one. But everything naturally depends upon the standpoint from which the question is approached. Have the white races a God-given right to "colonize" any land convenient to them? Have native races, when they see a white man approaching by sea or land, immediately to retire? The question was opened when the first white man landed at Capetown, and claimed any rights of land. When native races see the land becoming smaller and smaller, are they not to remonstrate? If there are retaliations, are they necessarily "Kaffir depredations" and "invasions"? It is well known that Kaffirs take cattle in their attacks upon their enemies. We should not be shocked if we heard that Alfred the Great did the same in his fights with the Danes, and we should hardly consider him a cattle thief. The London missionaries come in for somewhat rough treatment at the writer's hands for having in 1811 preferred charges against some colonists of having ill-treated natives: and we are told that "the missionary cause was terribly injured by the action of the London Society's agents, and harm was done which is not undone even to-day." Considering the injury which, according to the writer, was done to the missionary cause, the missions in South Africa are now showing a surprising vitality; and, as to the latter part of the indictment, we are inclined to consider the support which this Society and the Chief Khama have lately received in England, in their fight for Khama's country, as a happy evidence of the kind of "harm" "which is not undone even to-day." But, after all, the question is not whether the Missionary Society was injured in the estimation of the colonists, but whether it was right. We are told that, in 1834, "the Kat River London Missionary Society settlement was a hotbed of treasonable talk"; but "treason" presupposes the perfect right of the

superior power to be in the position of superiority. Then the war of 1835 broke out. Dr. Wirgman gives us a graphic account of the Kaffir "invasion," the burning of homesteads and capture of cattle. Our sympathies are all being enlisted on the side of the white man till we read Lord Glenelg's despatch:—"In the conduct which was pursued towards the Kaffir nation by the colonists, and the public authorities of the colony, through a long series of years, the Kaffirs had ample justification of the late war." We do not know sufficiently about the details of Cape Colony history sixty years ago to decide which view is right; but at least we may presume that a man in Lord Glenelg's position would not have written without knowing something of the subject. And so thought Sir G. C. Grey; for he writes that he considered himself "justified in asserting that there had been a series of continual aggressions by the British settlers on the Kaffirs, which were disgraceful to the British name." But Dr. Wirgman considers this to be "reckless ignorance," and attributes Sir G. C. Grey's words to his having been "primed by the Exeter Hall clique." This is somewhat strong language, but we see the point of view more clearly, towards the end of the book, when the Matabele question comes forward. The right of white men "to colonize" Matabeleland, even before the war broke out, seems to be accepted by Dr. Wirgman as an acknowledged fact. How it would have been possible to carry out this colonization if a war had not come about he does not say. A charter to colonize must be waste paper till some means can be found to get the people who own the country to allow their country to be colonized.

The latter half of the book is chiefly a history of the Church in South Africa during Bishop Gray's time. Dr. Wirgman's knowledge of the subject is most minute; but we think the history would have been more useful if it had been more impartial. Scarcely any praise is too great for those who agree with him; scarcely any condemnation is too sweeping for those who do not. We can hardly believe that some actors in the scene were as spotless or others as black as they are painted. That Bishop Gray was a good man, and a fearless upholder of what he considered right, and a man of indomitable energy and perseverance, none will wish to deny. No one would wish to underrate his difficulties in connexion with Dr. Colenso, or with the relation of the Church in South Africa to English civil authority. But in his condemnation of Dr. Colenso he probably had nearly every thinking man with him. The position was this: a Bishop is presented for teaching a doctrine in opposition to what he had contracted to teach, and is condemned. What Dr. Colenso's followers in Natal asserted was, not that Dr. Colenso was in the right, but that Bishop Gray had no right to deprive him. It was on this point that his followers rallied round him. To-day this party are stigmatized as "Colensoites," though probably they have nothing in common with that side of Dr. Colenso's views with which his name is usually associated. They objected to having no appeal to England; they objected to being cut off, as they considered it, from the "Church of England." Partly, no doubt, this was sentiment; but chiefly it seems to have been because they did not know what the tendency embodied in the "Third Proviso" would lead to—in other words, how far their cutting themselves off from the Church of England, with no appeal to any legal jurisdiction in England, would open the floodgates for ritual and teaching which they connected with the Church of South Africa, and which they would have no power to stem if they were once under the jurisdiction of the South African Church. Dr. Wirgman asserts that Dr. Gray has been represented as a "tyrannical autocrat": we would venture to say not by any sensible man. It has been said that a more conciliatory line of action on both sides, since two strong characters were involved, would have been better. But, if Dr. Colenso was teaching what he had promised not to teach, it is hard to see how anything short of deposition could have resulted. Where Bishop Colenso put himself morally in the wrong was not by disbelieving certain doctrines of the Church of England, but by refusing to resign his bishopric after he had broken the

contract made at his consecration. The oath to be loyal to the doctrine of the Church of England in South Africa, which is taken by every bishop of the Church of South Africa to-day, would prevent a repetition of the Colenso case: for the law would deprive such a bishop, so far as all South African temporalities were concerned, not on the ground of heterodoxy, but on the ground of having broken a contract made with the Church of South Africa, entirely apart from his consecration. Dr. Colenso had entered into no such contract as is now required by the South African civil Courts.

The book would have been improved by the omission of a good deal of vituperation of opponents. We could well have been spared the attributing of "egotistic monomania" to Bishop Colenso, and the calling of the Church Council in Natal "a handful of ignorant partisans." But, if we bear in mind that the book is the production of a writer who can see little bad in his friends and little good in his enemies, and if we read the facts without drawing his deductions, we shall have a valuable addition to colonial history.

TOUJOURS NAPOLEON.

"Memoirs of Count Lavalette, Adjutant and Private Secretary to Napoleon, and Postmaster-General under the Empire." With Portraits. London: Gibbings & Co. 1895.

WITHIN the past two years no fewer than ten or a dozen French works have appeared in an English dress, all having for their central figure that modern Colossus, Napoleon. One of these heads this article; for, while the work before us is ostensibly a memoir of Lavalette, there is a great deal more of Napoleon in it than there is of his private secretary. It is a mistake on the part of the publishers not to have inserted a note to the effect that this translation is only a reprint. The English translation of these Memoirs first appeared in 1831, not long after the original publication of the work in Paris; and this fact ought to have been stated.

A native of Paris, Lavalette was born in 1769—the same year as his Imperial friend and protector. Although bred a Royalist, he perceived as others did that the French monarchy had justly forfeited the confidence of the people, and the Revolution of 1789 witnessed him following the standard of the Republic. He was one of a large band of young men who, without fortune, name, or expectation, were constrained by the force of circumstances to acquiesce in the new order of things. He was destined for the Church, and actually took holy orders, but his ambition drew him on to a more adventurous life. With a musket on his shoulder, he entered the National Militia organized by Lafayette. He next enlisted as a Volunteer in the Legion of the Alps, and served with great distinction during the Rhine campaign, becoming aide-de-camp to General Baraguay d'Hilliers.

When Bonaparte appeared, and substituted a Reign of Glory for a Reign of Terror, Lavalette was at first but coolly received among the staff officers of the General-in-Chief; but he bided his time, and conquered the esteem of Napoleon at the point of the sword. After being wounded in his perilous mission to the Tyrol, he was warmly complimented by the Petit Caporal upon his bravery. The General, who was then at the head of the Italian army, next sent him on a confidential mission to Paris, to learn the real state of affairs. But though he frequented all the Societies of the period, he connected himself with none. The editor of these "Memoirs" remarks that "At the Luxembourg, at Carnot's, in Mme. de Staël's drawing-room, at the circles of the Augereau, everywhere his ingenuity discovered the real aim of each party, through the veil of vulgarity or refinement which covered them. He saw the Directory in all the ridiculous glory of its magnificence, and never could forget the farces performed by those tyrants, in whose government ridicule seemed to vie with cruelty."

After rendering splendid service at Genoa, and bringing the Doge to reason, Lavalette returned to France, and was married to a young lady of the House of Beau-

harnais, a niece of the wife of Bonaparte. Egypt was his next field of occupation, and from this time forward he never left the General but twice. He "was admitted to the intimacy, the conversations, and the amusements of Bonaparte; he was his table companion and his reader; and he also shared his dangers. He fought next to him at the Pyramids and Mount Thabor; he crossed the desert by his side, and followed him to the murderous siege of St. Jean d'Acre." Lavalette had considerable powers of description, and would eloquently recite the events of this exciting period.

On his return from the East, Napoleon, who was now the hero of France, easily overthrew the power of the Directorate, and established his own rule, at the outset in the capacity of First Consul. Lavalette's military and diplomatic career now came to an end, and he was appointed by Bonaparte Commissioner-General of the Post Office, taking the superior title of Postmaster-General on the founding of the Empire. At later intervals he became Court Councillor of State, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. In his responsible position as Postmaster-General "he had to organize the service of the Post Office at a time when France, bounded on one side by the Rhine, extended on the other to both the Peninsulas, and kept up armies all over Europe. He was in some measure the centre from whence motion and life were to depart and circulate over that vast Empire." For twelve years he sedulously performed his onerous duties, till the startling events of 1814 relegated him to private life.

When Napoleon returned to Paris in March 1815 Lavalette once more mingled in public affairs, and he was frequently called into council by the Emperor during the Hundred Days. It was to Lavalette that Bonaparte said, in the secret bitterness of a confidential conversation, "What do they want? The liberty of the Press? I shall give them more of it, perhaps, than they wish. Let them only suffer me to save France." But it was not to be: Ichabod was written over the Empire, and the fortunes of Napoleon were irretrievably destroyed on the field of Waterloo.

Now began a period of severe trial and suffering for Lavalette. He was arrested on 18 July, 1815, and placed in solitary confinement. At his trial he defended himself with spirit and ability; but he was found guilty of treason to the State, and sentenced to death. Awaiting the end calmly and tranquilly, he said to his sorrowing family and friends, "Why do you deplore me? An honest man may die, murdered, but his conscience follows him to the scaffold." By the boldness and intrepidity of his wife, Lavalette escaped execution. She planned and carried out one of the most daring escapes recorded in history; and when it was known that this important prisoner had got clear away from Paris, the utmost consternation prevailed in the French Chambers and in Court circles. The narrative of Lavalette's flight reads like a romance.

Among the historical episodes which are described with some picturesqueness in the course of this volume are the return of the King to Paris in October 1789, the decimation of the Swiss Guards, the flight of Lafayette, the September massacres, Napoleon's dramatic entry into the Hall of the Five Hundred and the overthrow of the Directory, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, and the fall of the Emperor himself. The fact that the writer was an eyewitness of many of the events which he depicts adds colour and vigour to his descriptions. Lavalette lived for fourteen years after the collapse of his august master's fortunes in 1815.

TWO GOOD HISTORY BOOKS.

"The Beginning of the Middle Ages." By the late Dean Church. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

"The Life and Times of Archbishop Ussher." By Canon J. A. Carr. London: Wells Gardner, Darton & Co. 1896.

DEAN CHURCH'S reputation, like Cæsar's imaginary wife, is above suspicion, and so much above suspicion that it is hard to say more for his book than the good epithets which are its formal due and which the critics gabble over it until breath fails them. It would be some temptation to prove that the book is

really the author's private analysis of Gibbon, plumped out with a few additional notes taken from Gibbon's authorities. But veracity sits with a plaguy weight upon the quill, and forces the pen of the candid reviewer to admit that this book is useless for those many youths who wish to know Gibbon without the toil of reading or the spinning of ingenious lies. A phrase of Harduin, a sentence out of Gregory of Tours, a catchword of Eadmer, some tangles out of the Capitularies reduced to order, a bit of colour from this author or that legal code, suffice to prove that the indefatigable Dean had really travelled in the times he wrote about, and had seen them with his own eyes, as far as they can be seen; and had listened to his great fellow-travellers besides. Indeed, this is one of the best books that even Dean Church has produced. It is a reduced Ordnance map of the six best ignored centuries. The readers of Gibbon will gain by it, not only because it gives a plan of the wood wherein they have learned to name the trees, but also because it adds a few trees and shrubs to their list. The people who pretend to have read Gibbon must read this in self-defence to escape detection, and those who never professed or even wished to read Gibbon must read it, just to give them an appetite for their inevitable Decline and Fall and final extermination. The publishers have added this little treasure of a book to the Eversley Series, and it is a grateful addition; but let the reader beware lest he buy that series too blindly, when he has tasted this book, or he will waste his time on Brimleys, Smethams, and Mr. T. Bailey Saunders. Be calm, sweet reader! You cannot always spend a crown to such contentment. It is a far cry from honest Church to the cowboy gambols, say, of Thoreau.

Of Ussher's life we cannot speak quite so unreservedly. Yet it is the work of a careful reader, and the result of much patient effort. It is readable and worth reading; but it is rather like an Egyptian picture in its perspective. Canon Carr cannot help being a little too kind to Ussher's faults, his often uncharitable animus, his habit of leaving "the busiest prelate" in full possession of his diocese, no one searching into the records of evil and ignorance at home, while the Right Reverend Bishop of Meath was collecting Eastern manuscripts, or his Grace of Armagh was grubbing for Syrian parchments. It is well to face the facts, and one of the prominent facts about the great Primate of Ireland is that he issued for himself a divorce between salary and duty in the coolest way. No doubt this is not peculiar to Ussher. Most of the English, and almost the whole of the Irish, people are striving to effect the same in their own cases, happily without Ussher's success. There is also something rather smacking of weakness than of mere meekness in the way in which Ussher contrived to escape many of the misfortunes of that stirring time by burrowing himself out of the way in libraries. Canon Carr gives up the defence in the matter of the Irish language, and admits it was unwise of Ussher to do all he could to prevent the Irish from understanding a single word of the services for which they were forced to pay so smartly. Canon Carr finds his hero "difficult to understand" in these stupid and unfatherly efforts. It is also not made clear why Ussher gave such a half-hearted support to the policy of "thorough," in so far as that policy caused the great canting Puritan plutocrats to disgorge their thefts of Church lands and revenues. The sturdy children of the Reformation, such as Lord Cork, simply clipped the "not" out of the Ten Commandments. They were the pious Jabez Balfours of their time, and every honest man was bound to have at them heartily; but Ussher had none of the courage of the true shepherd. On the other hand, Canon Carr has not claimed enough for the answer to a Jesuit. It was as completely the end of a controversy as Butler's "Analogy" was the end of a controversy. His thesis "in the beginning it was not so" has been accepted on all sides. The antagonists meet on another plane now, and Ussher's victory did much to ripen the theory of the Development of Christian Doctrine and its Corollary, as to the Theory of Church Authority. The tenet of Ussher about the vexed question of Episcopal Orders opens up a wide field, and Canon Carr has touched it all too lightly. "Episcopus et Presbyter

gradu tantum differunt, non ordine." Bishops are no more one of the seven Orders of the Church than are Patriarchs, Archimandrites, and Popes. They are priests, whose special duty is to ordain, and therefore if no bishops are possibly to be had, priests may ordain. Many learned Episcopalians have held this view; Bishop Davenant, for example, Johnson the Canonist, and others. Nevertheless Canon Carr skates quickly over this thin ice; but as he has dealt so well with his subject, we must not be ungratefully captious. The print and paper of the book would have delighted Ussher himself, even when his eyes waxed dim. It can be read with one candle or in the gloom of the Metropolitan Railway. Such print is the ruin of the spectacle trade, and makes the oculist despair of an honest living.

FICTION.

"The Courtship of Morrice Buckler: a Romance, being the record of the Growth of an English Gentleman during the years 1685-1687." By A. E. W. Mason. London: Macmillan. 1896.

TO write a book like "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler" undoubtedly requires some ability. The faculty of stringing together some score of stirring scenes is different from the faculty, let us say, of describing twenty prize-fights, because the reader must be persuaded that there was some vague *nescio quid* which made the twenty stirring scenes have some relation to each other. To succeed in producing this illusion demands, as we have said, some ability. But the real quality required in order to produce a novel like "Morrice Buckler" is the power to overcome a reluctance to engage in a not very picturesque business. If a man thinks of supporting himself by snatching purses, he will hardly ask himself whether he has the requisite skill; his doubt will be whether his case is so desperate that he ought to range himself with those who prey upon others. Such questions do not seem to suggest themselves in the case of literature. The literary man thanks his stars that he has a friend to "convey." It is only a few years since Stanley Weyman discovered that Dumas had a way of writing a story which was not without attractiveness. He quite fairly borrowed his method, but instead of human beings he introduced marionettes, which were much more easily managed. This way of manufacturing novels at once commended itself generally by its extreme facility. So

"Most can raise the flower now,
For all have got the seed."

The novelist has only to provide stirring scenes—that is, a certain number of fights—and to persuade his readers that these fights had some sort of connexion with each other. The marionettes are always exactly the same. The hero, who strangely, for some reason or other, is generally middle-aged, is a person of intrepid courage who constantly confides to the reader that he is a coward ("for I knew the timidity of my nature," p. 77). This the reader cannot be expected to believe, for he never hesitates to face the most fearful odds, and his skill in swordsmanship makes the number of his adversaries practically a matter of indifference. He is, moreover, by his own account a person of no intellectual attainments ("my flatteries being of the heaviest and causing me no small labour," p. 203); and here he is much more successful in convincing the reader of the justice of his own estimate of himself, though he would evidently wish us to think he is no more an ignoramus than a coward. His Horace is as familiar to him as his sword. Morrice Buckler was never without his Horace, which on one occasion fell open of its own accord at the "Palinodia at Tyndaridem." Moreover, one of his odes in his copy began

Quam si puellarum choro inseres,

a reading which might render the copy almost as interesting to bibliophiles as the famous *postest* Horace, which still commands a very large price. He must besides have had a unique copy of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, for we read (p. 54) "the thought stung me like Ino's gadfly," whereas all the existing editions represent Io as the victim of the gadfly's persecution. In a word, Morrice Buckler is exactly the same as all Stanley

Weyman's heroes. His English is the worst kind of manufactured antique, wearisome in the incessant repetition of some forms of archaic expression, such as "twere," "or ever," "pink me," "stap me"; but occasionally lapsing into the slang of yesterday or the day before, as in such phrases as "It used to be the other way about" (p. 207), and "weedy screw" (p. 38); and sometimes, again, into bad English like "deprecate" for "depreciate" (p. 3), and "overlaid" for "overlay" (p. 100). Morrice Buckler not only had a Horace but a Vergil; we wonder would Dryden have recognized Virgil under that name. The heroine, again, is ultra-Weymanesque. "I seem," she says herself, "to spend half my time in giving you offence, and the other half in begging your pardon." Weyman's heroines pursue his heroes with gibes and injuries of every kind till the last chapter, in which they fall violently in love, and are married forthwith. But the Countess Lukstein goes one better. It is not till the last page but one that she leaves off inflicting upon Morrice every form of opprobrium and even indictable injury, and suddenly blows out the candle. Let Morrice tell what ensued. "I guided her to the landing, and there stopped and kissed her. 'I have hungered for that,' said I, 'for a year and more.' 'And I too,' she whispered, 'dear heart, and I too,' and I felt her arms tighten about my neck. 'O, how you must have hated me!' she said." She was indeed a very hateful creature, but this obvious truth seems never to have occurred to her manufacturer. To speak of these Weymanesque men and women as being created by the author would be as absurd as to talk of the creation of soda-water or matches, or any commodity which involves in its making the minimum of appliance and ingenuity. Mr. Yates, in the "Honour of Savelli" has given us a novel quite as like Mr. Stanley Weyman, as the Safety match is like the Runaway. The literary qualities required to produce any number of such novels are next to nothing. There is no kind of literary shoddy, not even that manufactured by Caine, Crockett, and Maclaren, which can be produced so easily, and which is so likely to find a large sale with the illiterate, on whom of course mainly depends the fate of the modern novel.

"A Fatal Past." By Dora Russell. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co. 1896.

"Christian and Leah." By Leopold Kompert. Translated by Alfred S. Arnold. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1895.

"Miss Devereux of the Mariquita." By Richard Henry Savage. London: George Routledge & Sons. 1895.

"A Fatal Past" is a nice little story for a quiet tea-party. It has a secret marriage in it, and a forger and "blots on 'scutcheons'" and mysterious veiled ladies who are not what they seem and who frequent old-clothes shops to meet their unacknowledged sons and present them with five-hundred-pound notes. Nor is it without a blameless young heroine, with a fatal past of her own. Dark hints about this past will rouse the servants' hall to a frenzy of expectation, but it turns out disappointing. Her uncle merely murdered the uncle of her lover, in days gone by. The murdered uncle was also her father, which makes things a little bewildering. However, all ends well: and we could have wished it had ended earlier. The book reminds one of the scene in "The Critic" where "the uncles, you see, dare not move for fear of the nieces," and *vice versa*.

"Christian and Leah" should make Mr. Zangwill fearful of rivalry. Since his dull "Children of the Ghetto," the chosen people have enjoyed a "boom" peculiarly their own, and their picturesque customs have possibly been dished up for us over-often. There is more than room, however, for stories as charming as these. The first one, which gives the book its name, is better than anything of the kind that we have read for a long time. The character of Sarah, who adopts the forlorn little Christian orphan into her orthodox Jewish household, is full of sweetness and pathos, and drawn with decided power. The translator has done his work admirably. The little book is one of the dainty Iris Series, and has illustrations by F. Hamilton-Jackson.

"Miss Devereux of the Mariquita" would appear to

have been written for the more vicious type of school-boy. In "My Official Wife" its author gave us a clever and spirited story enough, but of this last effort of his it is hard to speak too contemptuously. Not to mention the irritation caused by the grammar, punctuation, and endless inverted commas where none are needed, the plot is a vague hotch-potch of the would-be thrilling adventures of ingeniously objectionable people. Feebleness is its keynote and unutterable weariness the effect of a conscientious ploughing through its chaotic contents.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Riviera: Ancient and Modern." By Charles Lenthéric. Translated by Charles West, M.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

THE translator "discovered" this old work on the railway bookstall at Marseilles, fifteen years ago; and there he might very well have left it. He presents it to us, "not as a guide-book, but as a companion to the intelligent traveller, and one who will answer every question as to what the land was in bygone days, as well as what it now is." As a matter of fact, it can tell us nothing about "what the land now is," for reasons similar to those which prevented somebody or other from discerning the Spanish fleet. But we determined to test this intelligent companion with a simple and obvious inquiry as to the past: What are the origin and character of the various patois on the Riviera? The oracle is absolutely dumb! There is a sneer at those who patronize "the rooms" at Monte Carlo; but, though we learn that Monaco was once styled *Hercle Manico*, we have no clue to the origin of the adjective *Monégasque*. As a sample of the author's accuracy, we may mention that he speaks of the *Kingdom* of Monaco, which it never was and never will be. The statement that the Riviera (from Marseilles to Ventimiglia) "is, indeed, a country where no winter reigns," will surprise many of us; and we are curious to know where the author found "parts of the coast where wind is not known, nor frost, nor the extreme of heat, but which are gladdened by an almost uniform temperature, by an eternal spring." This is, indeed, a revised version of "the snowy South." And who wants to know that, "exclusive of Palestine and Egypt, the Mediterranean region includes Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Southern France, North Africa, and the coasts of Catalonia and Andalusia"? If it were an utterly unknown region the statement might survive its baldness; but some of us have sometimes seen a map. Like a cockney poet or painter, who fancies he has discovered Switzerland, the author evidently imagines himself the first human being to set eyes on the Mediterranean. "The great sea," he says, after taking a deep breath and rolling his eyes, "the great sea alone continues as it was in the first ages of the world. At one time its waters die in ripples on the beach; at another, lashed into fury by the tempest, they beat upon the shore in mournful harmony with the woes of which they have been the unconscious witness, as they did when the world was young; but it knows no other change. Always beautiful, even when most sad, the plash of its waves gives out unceasingly the same monotonous lament. Nations strive and succeed each other on its borders; but the monuments which they raised to the glory of their arms or of their name are falling to ruin everywhere. The latest civilizations mingle speedily in a common dust with the most ancient, and the sands of all, carried by the rivers, swept by the winds, tossed about ceaselessly by the waves of the currents, disappear at last in the depths of that sea, which seems in its perpetual youth to keep undisturbed its majestic indifference, its pitiless calm." Whew!

"A Dictionary of the English and German Languages." Edited by Professor Im. Schmidt, Ph.D., and G. Tanger, Ph.D. 2 vols. London: Asher & Co. 1896.

So far Fluegel has been the interpreter between the Germans and the English, and the Editors of the new Dictionary have done well in putting the celebrated name to the front (the "Fluegel-Schmidt-Tanger Dictionary"); although, as they say in their preface, they look upon their work as original, or as original as a dictionary can be. Anyhow, the word "Fluegel" gives us a feeling of safety, and we conclude that Fluegel-Schmidt-Tanger has all the good points of the older work as well as new virtues of its own. If we may venture on a criticism—an old one and applicable to most of the dictionaries we have seen (with rare exceptions)—it is that we are not given quite enough help in the difficult business of selecting the required equivalent from the string of meanings appended to the words in common use. The only way out of the difficulty is to give examples, and in many cases this is done to good purpose in this Dictionary. Take the word "sensible." You may find dictionaries in which this word is translated (1) "empfindsam," and perhaps (2) "merklich"; while the ordinary meaning "vernünftig" is omitted. There is no mistake in the new Dictionary, where the word is well

treated and the ordinary sense illustrated by an excellent example—"sensible boots." We can only say that if the ordinary meaning, "vernünftig," could have been given its present importance (say by a difference of type), the article in question would have been perfect. But when we come to "sensitive," we have (among others) the odd rendering "fuehlbar, merklich," with no illustration or explanation. And, taking the two articles together, they do not give a hint to a German student that Miss Austen's "sensible" is now "sensitive." The words, in fact, are hardly treated with enough love and friendliness, as interesting and often exciting personalities. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to do so in a limited space, and in dealing with living languages. It would not be fair to expect an English-German dictionary to be as fine reading as Lewis and Short. But it is this somewhat cold attitude towards words which makes a dictionary of contemporary languages rather barren. In the matter of colloquialisms Fluegel-Schmidt-Tanger is stupendous.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THERE are times when it would not appear a great loss if some, at least, of the monthly reviews were at the bottom of the sea, and the contributors engaged in other occupations, or free to do nothing but enjoy themselves. It is the sameness that is depressing, although variety and excitement are clearly unreasonable expectations. One copy of a monthly review is likely to resemble another, for it appears at too long intervals to take notice of the march past of books, plays, concerts and criminals—things that may be ever the same to the profound, but still present an engaging appearance of variety to ordinary eyes. And even in treating the lingering great questions of the hour, the daily and weekly paper can whip up a lagging theme with the latest speech of a cabinet minister, or give it a fresh look by some equally ephemeral means. In the monthlies we must always expect the articles written by men who have much information and do not know how to use it; the others (perhaps on foreign politics) written by men who, were it not sometimes for their names, might well be judged innocent of any information whatever, except what could be gained by a hasty glance at a map and a cyclopædia—articles apparently torn from unwilling contributors at the point of the bayonet, contributors who have not given themselves the time even to launch a paradox or to consider how their unfortunately celebrated experience can be made to cover the ground once more. And we must expect so few articles that read as if the authors were caught by their subject or by the amusement of writing, few that do not depress us as though we heard the writer murmuring, "I'd rather be doing anything else." Mr. Cunningham Graham, who may now be looked upon as a sure oasis in the desert, is most entertaining with the "Alvar Nuñez" he contributes to the "Nineteenth Century," a story of one of the discoverers of America. Perhaps, after all, if an editor were to make his monthly more lively, he might lose by a reputation for levity, and the most he can safely do is to entertain his readers on the sly. Mrs. Lecky may claim the distinction of having written a sound article on the subject of the Transvaal, and one which is interesting even at this hour. We do not see that Sir Frederick Young's string of statements, many of them of a highly controversial nature, achieves much for the idea of commercial union throughout the Empire, though perhaps his chief aim was to have all the points down in black and white. Though Mr. Wedmore often recovers himself by happily limiting some statement that went near to showing a complete misconception of the merits of the music-hall stage, he has hardly treated the subject with enough respect. Neither gymnastics nor the cinematograph can presume to play any deep part in the variety entertainment—an entertainment which at bottom has depended, and will depend, odd as it may seem to theatre-goers, upon art and art alone. And the audiences who chose out as prime favourites such comedians as Miss Bessie Bellwood and Mr. Dan Leno, and discovered the elusive and delicate charm of Miss Minnie Cunningham, may feel quite as well satisfied with their taste as any other section of the public. Sir Edward Braddon tells the story of the various Councils that have forwarded the Federation movement in Australasia, Mr. Walter Phillips translates some of the songs of Walter von der Vogelweide, and Rev. E. H. Parker contributes a version of some delicious despatches from the Emperor of China to George III.

Although the "Fortnightly" cannot always be equally interesting, it is less liable to heaviness than the "Nineteenth Century" when that periodical happens on a dull month. Olive Schreiner continues her "Stray Thoughts on South Africa," and deals with the Half-caste, doing much to elucidate a matter the very elements of which are so hard for a stranger to comprehend. Professor Max Mueller, in the Paper read before the Royal Society of Literature, records some of the coincidences between the literature of the East and the West, legends, proverbs, and similarities in the Buddhist Canon and the New Testament, and asks for a definite explanation. Are we to ascribe such coincidences to mere accident, to a common humanity, or to some historical intercourse between the East and the West long subsequent to the Aryan Separation?

In a capable and persuasive paper, Dr. Horton attacks the Government Education Bill from two points of view—that of the Educationalist and that of the Nonconformist. Ouida's indignation at light railways does not quite come off, and there is really no justification for eight pages of tail-lashing, unless it encourages the lion to bite off somebody's head effectively. Mr. T. H. S. Escott says that Lord Salisbury's character is grossly misrepresented when he is called "patrician" or "exclusive," or out of touch with his time, and he praises the biography by Mr. Traill, who, by the way, happens to follow soon after with an amusing discussion of the philosophy of humour. He describes the hopeless despondency that fell upon him after studying "The Humour of the Nation" Series; and, assuming the position of an old man, he talks extravagances about the serious young men of the new generation. Mr. James D. Bouchier contributes a little biography of Trikoupes, and Mr. Vandam an attractive talk about Jules Simon.

It is impossible that the half-dozen monthlies should contain a dozen or more masterpieces apiece every month, and the "Contemporary," with three or so, does not score a bad average. The Review opens with a plea for Mr. Bright's suggestion that Bills relating exclusively to Ireland should, after the first reading, be sent to a Committee of Irish members instead of the whole House, into whose hands the Bills would return for the third reading. Chief among the reforms of the South Kensington Museum urged by Mr. Spielmann are a severance of the greedy Science from the weaker Art department, the encouragement of specialization among assistant keepers, a more scholarly and practical use of the Circulation Department, and, generally, the placing of the whole affair under a governing Board of Trustees. Mr. Diggle puts an old point in his case with new clearness. The accounts of both kinds of schools, he says, are found to show a deficiency; in one case the deficiency is made up from the local rates, in the other, from money subscribed by people who have already paid these rates; and some kind of religious instruction, which he thinks may as often as not be called denominational, is given even in the schools entirely supported by the rates. Mr. H. B. Simpson, in his "Crime and Punishment," points out that punishment to-day cannot be looked upon as retribution; it is preventive, and, therefore, if a man is sentenced to ten years on his sixth conviction, though it be but for stealing a sixpence, he cannot be said to have been treated vindictively. Nothing is more grateful to the reader of review articles than to learn that only the most knowing can make a proper use of statistics; and Dr. Lennox Browne shows this in his attack on the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria. Vernon Lee's concluding paper on "Art and Life" convinces us more than ever that any one but a heaven-sent genius, if he is, at this time of day, to write solidly on Art, must either found himself on the aesthetic of Kant and Schopenhauer or else clearly give good reasons for not doing so. They, as well as Vernon Lee, started their aesthetic from Plato's ideal theory, and it would be so much easier if she stated exactly why and where she diverges from them; because we most of us have some sort of notion as to what those two big people meant by their aesthetic, and it seems waste of time to begin all over again with a discussion which is so apt to sound like mere words. Mr. A. E. Pease has some interesting facts to relate about the Sahara, and praises the French administration of Algeria; Mr. Haweis contributes an interview with a Persian statesman on the subject of the Babis; Mr. Demetrius Boulger sketches the Chinese reforms which lie before Li Hung Chang; and Mr. Phil Robinson, in the brightest article of the Review, tells wonders of a rook's nest.

The "New Review," as is its wont, is readable pretty nearly from cover to cover. An especially pleasing feature of this number is the article—the starred article—by Mr. Gladstone. It is comforting to read a man who can afford, if he so chooses, to use a moral sentence that might be heard at Exeter Hall, and use it without a tremor where the traditions sometimes err on the side of inhumanity, or, at any rate, exclusiveness. It is charming, too, that he should turn on himself, and own that the morality sounds a little too moral and not altogether likeable; but yet it is true, and has its pleasant side. So he is gentle with the young man before he sets out to tell him not to print his poems, and he ends with the gayest deprecation of a *tu quoque*. Dr. Emil Reich, in a vigorous article on the Venezuelan boundary, shows that, though "in matters of policy anything may arise," as far as law is concerned, there is no need for serious arbitration, "England has all the historic right in her favour." Cardinal Vaughan puts his whole case for the Voluntary Schools clearly and succinctly; Sir Herbert Stephen makes a scientific classification of criminals' confessions, and Mr. Runciman concludes his engrossing appreciation of Beethoven's Symphonies and the Mass. C. E. Raimond contributes a very actual and convincing story, "Below the Salt."

"Blackwood's" is full of good things—an account of "The Indian Imperial Service Troops," reminiscences of boyish likes and dislikes of reading by a "Schoolmaster," and a romping story of all sorts of nonsense and marvels *à propos* of "Summer in Caithness," by Sir Herbert Maxwell. And the political

articles in the magazine are so violent that even Radicals enjoy them. English people are always supposed to be averse to showing their patriotism by purchasing home-made articles if the foreigner can please them better, and it is unfortunately difficult to see why any one should buy an illustrated magazine produced in England, so long as he can get "Harper's," "The Century," or "Scribner's." To begin with, the artists who draw for these magazines have some pretensions to a knowledge of their craft; they draw as if they cared about drawing. Then again, the Americans are masters of the short story—the presentable, well-executed, cultivated short story—not the ghosts of the "Pall Mall Magazine," the detectives of the "Strand," or the steam-engines of the "English Illustrated," or the sombre *précis* of a tragedy by an author who is too big for his boots. One may tire of Napoleon, or German Liberty, or whatever the American set dish happens to be, and it is permissible sometimes to rebel against the continual roughing it in the West or North; but it only needs a little courage, and probably these things also will be found to be well done.

But there is now an English monthly that can ask for support with a good grace, because it offers better black-and-white work than any periodical, English, American, or French, that we have seen. We do not know that the "Savoy" can claim any extraordinary merit except on the score of Mr. Beardsley's drawings; but his *coiffeur* in this issue, and three at least of his contributions to the last, must clear away any doubts there may still have been as to his supreme position as a draughtsman.

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New York, 6th June, 1896.

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The 2nd Instalment of \$3 per Share (payable on all Stocks deposited) was due on 1st June, the 3rd of \$3 will be due on 6th July, and the final Instalment of \$2.50 on 6th August, 1896.

Any further information as to the Reorganization may be obtained on application to Mr. Howland Roberts, Secretary to the London Committee, care of Messrs. Brown, Shipley, & Co. London, 15th June, 1896.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW sent by post at following rates per annum, paid in advance.

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THE PRINCES' RESTAURANT, PICCADILLY, W.

Is acknowledged to be the most Elegant and Best Appointed Establishment of the kind in London, where Society can Meet to Enjoy
LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, AND SUPPERS
Of the most Recherché Description.

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BANQUETS, BALLS, RECEPTIONS, &c.
Managing Director—G. FOURAULT, from "Benoist."

HANS PLACE HOTEL,

HANS CRESCENT, BELGRAVIA, LONDON, S.W.

Within Three Minutes' Walk of the Albert Gate Entrance to Hyde Park.

THIS Family Hotel, sumptuously furnished and appointed, is NOW OPEN for the Reception of Visitors. It is luxuriously complete in every detail. There are many self-contained Suites of Apartments, ensuring the utmost privacy, each having a Bathroom, as well as Single Bedrooms. A HIGH-CLASS RESTAURANT (à la carte and at fixed prices) is attached to the Hotel for Non-Residents. RECHERCHÉ CUISINE. One of the many attractions of this Hotel is the unique WINTER GARDEN, splendidly proportioned, and occupying an area of 2,500 square feet.—Manager Mons. C. DIETTE.

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A Product of Purest Sea-Water and Electricity.

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For Use in the Household, in the Bath, in the Sick Room, in fact
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A UNIVERSAL DISINFECTANT.

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Is sold by all the Stores and leading Chemists in Quart Bottles, 1s.
Large Quantities on Special Terms.

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THE QUEEN'S PROCTOR.

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SPECIAL MATINEE of THE LIAR, Thursday next, July 9, Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER as YOUNG WILDING.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING Two Grand Ballets, FAUST and LA DANSE. Great Success. Grand Variety Entertainment. Doors open at 7.45.

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REVERSIONS and LIFE INTERESTS in Landed or Funded Property or other Securities and Annuities PURCHASED or Loans granted thereon, by the EQUITABLE REVERSIONARY INTEREST SOCIETY (Limited), 10 Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand. Established 1835. Capital, £500,000.

FERREIRA GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

DIVIDEND No. 11.

A DIVIDEND of 125 per cent. (One Hundred and Twenty-five per cent.) has been declared payable to all Shareholders registered at the close of business at One o'clock on SATURDAY, the 11th JULY, 1896, and to the holders of COUPON No. 4 attached to SHARE WARRANTS to BEARER.

The TRANSFER REGISTERS will be closed from the 13th to the 18th July, both days inclusive. The Dividend Warrants will be issued as soon as possible after the arrival at Johannesburg of the Return of Transfers lodged for registration at the London Offices of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street, Within, E.C., up to the closing of the books.

London Office,

120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

1st July, 1896.

A. MOIR, London Secretary.

ASSISTANCE WANTED.

THE undermentioned CASES, for which it has not been found possible to raise the necessary help from other sources, are RECOMMENDED by the CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY. Contributions towards their assistance will be gladly received by C. S. LOCH, Secretary, 15 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C.

17,316.—An East End Committee ask for £5 17s. to provide a weekly allowance to a very respectable SINGLE WOMAN, aged 72. She passed her life in service until unable to work longer. Two old employers co-operate with the Committee. She has no near relations.

18,551.—£3 18s. is required for a very respectable SINGLE WOMAN, who has lived in service all her life. She has had bad health, and was frequently obliged to give up her place and live on her savings. Now she is 67 years old, and an invalid from rheumatic gout.

16,782.—£4 11s. wanted to make up a pension of 6s. 6d. to an OLD SERVANT, aged 66, now past work entirely. A former mistress gives 3s. a week. There are no relations able to help.

18,326.—£5 17s. needed to complete a pension for a respectable WOMAN, aged 76. She has been a widow forty years; saved £50, which she invested in a business and supported herself twenty years. She was at one time a mission woman in the parish, and is much respected.

18,847.—£2 12s. is asked for, for a pension of 2s. per week to a very respectable WIDOW, aged 74, to enable her to live with her daughter, whose earnings are small, but who does all she can for her mother. The woman's husband died 23 years ago. During his life he saved £40, the last of which she drew out one year ago.

19,028.—£5 17s. is needed to provide a pension for a WIDOW of 64. She has one son who contributes, but cannot do much, as he has a wife and three young children. She bears a very good character, and has hitherto supported herself by needlework, but her sight is now failing, and she is getting too old for much work. She has lived in the house she now occupies for 62 years.

17,428.—£4 11s. required for an allowance for a very respectable WIDOW of 67, who lives with a widowed daughter earning 12s. weekly and keeping two children. The old woman helps to look after children, and is partially kept by her daughter.

THE CLAIMS OF VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

Present controversy on the claims of Voluntary schools has had, at least, two indisputably good results. The public has clearly seen the extent and value of the Church's past services to elementary education; and the Church has learnt to measure her future task, and to take heart for it.

We write on behalf of a district which has claims upon the nation second to none, and in which the educational work of the Church is beset with such special difficulties that men's hearts may easily fail them in its contemplation.

The Diocese of Rochester contains, besides Chatham, Gravesend, &c., the whole area of South London—many miles of squalid tenements, closely packed with poor and struggling workers, far removed from the few districts in the Diocese which are able to give them help.

What the importance of the school is as a social, civic, and religious influence in such a region needs no telling; and whatever duty the Church has in regard to the schools must be here, at once, most urgent and most difficult.

The record of the past three years is that, under the stimulus of the well-known Circular of the Department, £125,000 has been given and spent by Churchmen in the diocese upon fabrics alone; and what were, in some cases, dingy, ill-ventilated buildings, have been transformed into bright and wholesome schools.

The task thus laid upon the Church was heavy, because she had been at work educating the poor long before any State aid was given—in some cases even in the last century—so the buildings were often antiquated, and that especially in parishes such as those on the river bank, which, because they were the oldest centres of population, had become the poorest.

This heavy work would have been impossible if the Diocesan Board of Education had not been able (besides much indirect aid and encouragement) to make grants which have amounted to £3,583.

Now, as to the future.

We need £1,000 to complete the work of defence and repair, by paying grants, which we have conditionally promised, and relieving managers who have pledged their private resources to architects and builders.

But we would fain also recover lost ground. In the panic after 1870 the Diocese lost about fifty schools (in the last thirteen years she has only lost three). We are inquiring into the condition and present use of these buildings. We hope to recover some of them. It would immensely assist us to do so if a few Churchmen would promise us a definite sum, upon which we could make a proportionate claim for every reopened school.

And then there is new ground. What that means, an hour or so spent in Battersea, Greenwich, Plumstead, and many other districts would quickly and vividly show, by the token of a vast acreage of newly sprung and ever-extending streets. It is not right that, in such neighbourhoods, all the parents should be forced to send their children to the Board schools for lack of Church schools, and it has been proved that many of them prefer Church schools, even where the premises are homely, and they only have tens, where the Board schools have hundreds, of children.

Since 1870, seventy-two new parishes have been formed in the Diocese, but only sixteen have been supplied with Church schools. This is not surprising, seeing that the Church and endowment have had to be provided. Some of the new parishes are now anxious to have schools, and in several cases sites are awaiting us if they can be promptly occupied. But Church schools can only be built in such districts by a large measure of central help and encouragement, and we should be thankful, indeed, if our Diocesan Board had a sum of £5,000, which it could turn to excellent account, by making loans on new school buildings. We ought to have as much more to make grants, given on condition that treble the amount is raised from other sources.

There is no doubt that we ought to ask to be entrusted with £11,000 for the work of the next five years.

Considering the scale and the importance of the work, is it too large a demand, or larger than the attitude which the Church has taken towards the Government and Parliament in the matter of her schools entitles, or rather bids, us to make?

Are there not those who have made fortunes by the labours of South Londoners, or by the sale of their land to the speculative builder, who will recognize the debt which they owe, and make the Diocesan Board their almoner?

Contributions to this work will be gladly received by the Bishop of Rochester; by the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. A. W. Maplesden, The Church Institute, Upper Tooting; or by the Westminster Branch of the London and County Bank.

EDWARD ROFFEN.
HUYSHIE SOUTHWARK.
CHARLES BURNBY.
J. ERSKINE CLARKE.
C. E. BROOKE.

Bishop's House, Kennington:
16 March, 1896.

London Diocesan Board of Education.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF

OF THE

CHURCH SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

WE, the undersigned members and supporters of the London Diocesan Board of Education, appeal most earnestly to Churchmen, and to all who value the preservation of Christian Education in our Public Elementary Schools, for funds to enable the Diocesan Board to maintain in efficiency the work in which it has been engaged for more than half a century, and to place that work upon a more permanent financial footing.

We have every reason to expect that, during the coming year, Voluntary schools will receive from the Legislature, in some form or another, the assistance they both need and deserve. We are therefore anxious that the Schools dependent upon the Board for support may be in a position to take the utmost advantage of that relief.

There are many schools in the poorer parts of the Diocese which have long been maintained by the most praiseworthy exertions of Churchmen, in the face of the greatest difficulties and of severe pressure. The Diocesan Board has, from time to time, been compelled to undertake the financial management of twenty-two such schools, with fifty-six departments, and more than 13,000 children on the books, in order to give relief to the local managers, and so prevent their abandonment. The majority of these, and, indeed, of all our Church Schools, are among the most popular and efficient within the London School Board area; and to lose any of them would be little short of disastrous to the cause of religious education.

It has been carefully estimated that, to meet the present need, a sum of £6,000 is absolutely required. We therefore earnestly commend the London Diocesan Board and its work to the sympathy and liberal support of the Church-people of London; and we would impress upon them that, if liberal assistance is promptly forthcoming, the relief so given will be permanent in its effect.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

WESTMINSTER.

WINCHILSEA.

ALDENHAM.

EGERTON OF TATTON.

GRIMTHORPE.

G. G. BRADLEY, Dean of Westminster.

T. DYKE ACLAND.

FRANCIS S. POWELL, M.P.

EDWARD CARR GLYN, Vicar of Kensington and Rural Dean.

JOHN G. TALEOT, M.P.

W. H. BARLOW, D.D., Vicar of Islington and Rural Dean.

E. A. EARDLEY-WILMOT, Prebendary of Wells and Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington.

H. W. P. RICHARDS, Prebendary of St. Paul's and Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

DAVID ANDERSON, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square.

RICHARD BENYON, J.P. for Berks.

WILLIAM BOUSFIELD, 20 Hyde Park Gate, W.

RICHARD FOSTER, 48 Moorgate Street, E.C.

F. B. PALMER, Glaisdale, Streatham, S.W.

H. W. PRESCOTT, 50 Cornhill, E.C.

J. A. SHAW STEWART, 71 Eaton Place, S.W.

G. A. SPOTTISWOODE, 3 Cadogan Square, S.W.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations to the General and Poor Schools Relief Fund of the London Diocesan Board of Education should be made payable to JOHN HILL, Esq., Financial Secretary to the Board, Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., or may be paid through Lloyds Bank, Limited (Herries, Farquhar Branch), 16 St. James's Street, S.W.

The Subscription List will Open on Thursday, July 2, 1896, and close on or before Saturday, July 4, 1896, for Town, and on or before Monday, July 6, 1896, for the Country.

THE NEW PREMIER CYCLE COMPANY, Ltd.

THE "PREMIER CYCLE."—Established 1876.
Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

SHARE CAPITAL, £800,000.

Divided into 100,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each (Preferential as to Capital as well as Dividend), and 300,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each. That Preference Shares confer the right to a Cumulative Preferential Dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and the right of repayment of Capital in priority to all other Shares.

£100,000 4½ per cent. First Mortgage Debentures of £100 each, redeemable only after 1905 at the option of the Directors at £110, on giving six months' notice. One-third of the Ordinary Shares (being the maximum allowed by the Rules of the Stock Exchange) will be taken by the Premier Cycle Company, Limited, as part of the purchase consideration. Besides this the Directors and the Shareholders of the Premier Cycle Company, Limited, have applied, before the issue of the Prospectus, for £100,000 of the Preference Shares, and £33,300 of the Debentures. The Debentures and Shares are payable as follows:—

THE DEBENTURES.

£100 per Debenture on Application.
40 " " Allotment.
50 " " 1st August.

£100

THE SHARES.

25. 6d. per Share on Application.
75. 6d. " " Allotment.
10. 6d. " " 1st August.

£1

Interest on the Debentures and Dividends on the Preference Shares will begin to accrue as from July 1st, 1896, and will be payable half-yearly on the 1st January and 1st July in each year.

DIRECTORS.

Warrington Baden-Powell, Esq., 3 Paper Buildings, Temple, London, E.C.
Colonel C. E. Macdonald, Director of the London Tramways Company, Limited.
Alexander Rotherham, Esq., J.P., Coundon Hall, near Coventry.
George Francis Twist, Esq., Moat House, Keresley, near
Directors of the
Premier Cycle
Company, Ltd.
William Henry Herbert, Esq. (President of the Cycle Manufacturers' Association), Premier Cycle Works, Coventry,
Managing Director.

BANKERS.

Lloyds' Bank, Limited, 72 Lombard Street, London; Coventry; and Branches.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp, & Co., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.
Messrs. Woodcock & Co., Coventry.

BROKERS.

Messrs. Panmure, Gordon, Hill, & Co., Hatton Court, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.
Messrs. G. & W. Beech, 37 Temple Street, Birmingham.

AUDITORS.

Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, Bishop, & Clarke, 41 Coleman Street, London, E.C.
Messrs. Thomas Wilshe & Sons, Leicester.

SECRETARY.—S. H. Norton, Esq.

REGISTERED OFFICES.—Premier Cycle Works, Coventry.

TEMPORARY OFFICES IN LONDON.—36 Throgmorton Street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company is formed to acquire as a going concern the business of the Premier Cycle Company, Limited (virtually a private Company), carrying on its business at the Premier Works, Coventry, Nuremberg (Germany), and Eger (Austria), with the Depôts at 19 and 20 Holborn Viaduct, 32 and 34 Shaftesbury Avenue, and 123 Hammersmith Road, London, at 23 Boulevard Poissonnière, and Levallois Perret, Paris, and at Alexanderstrasse, Berlin, together with the fixed plant, machinery, tools, stock-in-trade, book debts, patents, patent rights, registered designs and trade marks, freehold and leasehold land and buildings, goodwill, and the benefit of all existing contracts.

The business was established by Messrs. Hillman & Herbert in the year 1876, and has been developed very considerably until it is now one of the largest, best equipped, and most successful in the cycle trade, turning out upwards of 1,000 cycles a week. The Premier Cycle Company are the owners of a number of valuable patents, including the "Helical Tube," which has great practical advantages over the weldless tube, both of which are used in the manufacture.

The Works at Coventry are freehold, and cover an area of nearly two and a half acres. They were erected in 1877, and have since been enlarged from time to time to meet the requirements of increasing trade. The plant and machinery, including valuable labour-saving and automatic appliances, are in excellent condition.

The Works not only produce complete bicycles, but manufacture the helical tubing, and nearly all the component parts, thus standing in a unique position in the trade.

Owing to the protective duty and transport charges on machines entering Germany and Austria, extensive factories were established some years since at Nuremberg in Germany, and more recently at Eger in Austria. Up to the present time, the demand has far exceeded the output of the factories. The freeholds on which these two works are situated are about six acres in extent. The Helical Tube, which constitutes the most important item in the construction of Premier Cycles, is made at the works at Coventry for all three factories.

The "Premier" machines are of the highest class, as testified by the following honours gained at home and abroad:—

Gold Medal (Highest), International Inventions Exhibition, London, 1885.
Silver Medal, Highest Award, Nuremberg Exhibition, 1885.
Highest Award, Calcutta Exhibition, 1884.
Highest Award, Ontario, Canada, 1884.
Diploma of Merit, Royal Military Exhibition, London, 1890.
Diploma and Silver Medal, International Exhibition, Edinburgh, 1890.
Diploma and Gold Medal, International Sports Exhibition, Scheveningen, Holland, 1892.
Diploma of Merit, Milan, 1894.

while at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, they gained the highest awards, the Premier Company being the only firm of English Cycle Manufacturers who obtained three distinct awards—Bicycles, Tricycles, and Helical Tubes. The Premier machines have been for many years entirely independent of the support of the racing element, an item of considerable expense to many other companies.

Considerable alterations and additions have been made to both the Coventry and the Nuremberg Works during the past few months, which has enabled the output to be raised from 800 to 1,000 machines per week, and on the completion of the additions, which are now nearly finished, the capacity will be brought up to an output of 1,200 Cycles per week.

Mr. Wm. Henry Herbert, one of the original founders of the business, has agreed to act as Managing Director for a period of at least three years, while Mr. Alexander Rotherham and Mr. G. F. Twist, who have also been associated as Directors with the management for many years, join the Board as Directors.

The Company proposes to take over the services of the Works Superintendents and others of the chief employees at Coventry, and to retain the services of the Sales Managers at the London and Paris Depôts, also the Managers of the Works at

Nuremberg and Eger, thus ensuring a continuance of the successful management by which the business has attained its present position. The firm employs over 2,100 workpeople in the different Works and Depôts.

The books of the Premier Cycle Company have been audited for many years by Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, Bishop & Clarke, and Messrs. Thomas Wilshe & Sons, who have given the following Certificate of Profits:—

To the Directors of THE NEW PREMIER CYCLE COMPANY, LTD.

Gentlemen,—Having acted as Auditors of the Premier Cycle Company, Limited, for some years past, we beg to report that we have examined the books in Coventry and London, and certified accounts supplied by the German, Austrian, and French branches.

The profits shown for the undermentioned periods, before charging interest on debentures, Managing Directors' salaries, or income-tax, but after making, in our opinion, ample allowance for depreciation of plant, are as under:—

For the eleven months ending 31st August, 1894 £35,187 5 0
For the year ending 31st August, 1895 41,233 18 0

We are, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servants,

TURQUAND, YOUNGS, BISHOP, & CLARKE.

THOS. WILSHERE & SONS.

While the following Certificate by Messrs. Thomas Wilshe & Sons deals with the profits made since the 31st August, 1895:—

To the Directors of THE NEW PREMIER CYCLE COMPANY, LTD.

Gentlemen,—It is impossible to give a Certificate for the trading for the nine months ending 31st May, 1896, owing to the difficulty of taking stock before 31st August. We have, however, examined the English Books, and the Statement of Sales, &c., from Germany and Austria, and we find that the business done shows a marked advance over previous years, whilst the profits have proportionately increased.

At some of the establishments we have been able to ascertain the actual results, but where this has not been possible we have assumed the profit to be maintained at the same percentage as last year, and have not taken into account any increased rate of profit.

We are of opinion that it will be safe to estimate that net profits of over £45,000 have been made during the nine months under review, or at the rate of £60,000 per annum.

The Directors of The Premier Cycle Company are sanguine that the profit for the year will largely exceed this figure, and we have no reason to doubt that from their practical knowledge their estimate will prove correct.

Yours faithfully,

THOS. WILSHERE & SONS.

1 Welford Road, Leicester,
23rd June, 1896.

Attention is drawn to the value of the Six per Cent. Preference Shares as an investment, as for the past two and three-quarter years the profits, after payment of Debenture interest, have been nearly sufficient to pay the Preference dividend twice over in each year, while the profits of the present year are also sufficient to pay substantial dividends on the Ordinary Shares and to form reserve funds.

The Company will take over the business from 31st August, 1896, with the profits accrued from that date (which the Directors of the Premier Cycle Company, Limited, estimate will have amounted to at least £35,000), less the sum of £19,140 already drawn out on account of profits.

As the Company will acquire the undertaking with the stock, book debts, reserves, &c., as they stood at 31st August last, after payment of current accounts and dividends, together with the benefit of the trading since that date (less £19,140 profits divided previous to the 31st May last), the New Company will start with cash assets consisting of stock, book debts and cash, amounting to over £100,000, which is sufficient not only for present requirements but also for a considerable extension of the business either in Cycles or Motor Cars, should it hereafter be advisable to undertake that branch of the trade.

The purchase price to be paid by the Company for the freehold Works and business Premises at Coventry, Nuremberg and Eger, and for the Leasehold depôts at Holborn Viaduct, Shaftesbury Avenue, and Hammersmith Road, London, Paris, and Berlin, together with all the plant, machinery, tools, stock, book debts and other assets, and including the valuable patents already referred to, has been fixed by the Vendors, who are the promoters of the Company, at £700,000, of which £100,000 will be paid by the allotment of one-third of the Ordinary share Capital and the balance in cash, but the Shareholders of the Premier Cycle Company have applied at par, on the terms of this Prospectus, for one-third of the Debentures, and one-third of the Preference Shares.

The following Contracts have been entered into:—Contract dated 27th June, 1896, and made between the Premier Cycle Company, Limited (Hillman, Herbert & Cooper), of the one part, and the City of London Contract Corporation, Limited, of the other part, being a Contract for the purchase of the above property by the Corporation. Contract dated 29th June, 1896, between the City of London Contract Corporation, Limited, of the one part, and this Company of the other part, for the re-sale to this Company, at a profit, out of which the Corporation has undertaken to pay the costs, charges, and expenses in connexion with the incorporation of this Company, and the issuing and guaranteeing the subscription of the Debentures and Shares offered for subscription.

In relation to this Contract the said Corporation has entered into various arrangements which may constitute contracts within the meaning of the 38th Section of the Companies Act, 1867. There are also various Trade Contracts. Applicants must be deemed to waive the insertion of dates and names of the parties to any such arrangements or contracts, and in order to prevent any question must accept the foregoing as a sufficient compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, the Accountants' Certificates, and the above-mentioned Agreements, can be inspected by intending investors at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company.

Applications for Debentures and Shares should be made on the accompanying forms, and should be forwarded to the Company's Bankers, accompanied by a remittance for the amount of the deposit, and if paid by cheque then payable to the order of such Bank. If the whole amount applied for by the applicant be not allotted, the surplus amount paid on deposit will be appropriated towards the sum due on allotment. When no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the offices of the Company, or at the offices of its Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors, or at 19 and 20 Holborn Viaduct, 32 and 34 Shaftesbury Avenue, and 123 Hammersmith Road, London.

APPLICATION FORM.

To be filled up and forwarded with remittance to the Company's Bankers, Lloyds Bank, Limited, 72 Lombard Street, London, E.C., or to the Coventry or other Branches.

THE NEW PREMIER CYCLE COMPANY, LIMITED.

ISSUE OF

300,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each £300,000
300,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each 300,000
£100,000 in 4½ per cent. First Mortgage Debentures of £100 each 100,000
£700,000

To the Directors of THE NEW PREMIER CYCLE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £....., being the deposit required on application for

..... Preference Shares of £1 each
..... Ordinary Shares of £1 each
..... Debentures of £100 each

I hereby request you to allot same to me, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any less amount allotted to me, and to pay the instalments thereon, as required in the terms of the Prospectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register in respect of such Shares and Debentures, and I declare that I waive any fuller compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise than that contained in such Prospectus. In the event of my receiving no Allotment, the amount to be returned in full.

To be written distinct
Signature ..
Name (in full) ..
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Address ..
Date .. 1896

The LIST OF APPLICATIONS will open on Friday, the 3rd day of July, 1896, and will close on or before Saturday, the 4th day of July, 1896, for both London and the Country.

THE LONDON AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED, at 55 Cornhill, London, E.C., and 79 King Street, Manchester, and all its Branches, is authorised to receive Subscriptions for the undermentioned Issue of Debenture Stock and Preference Shares.

BOARDMAN'S UNITED BREWERIES, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

SHARE CAPITAL.

22,500 Five and One-half per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each	£225,000
15,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each	150,000
	£375,000

CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES.

ISSUE OF 22,500 FIVE-AND-A-HALF PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES OF £10 EACH.

The Preference Shares are entitled to a cumulative Preference Dividend of Five and One-half per cent. per annum, and rank as regards Capital in priority to the Ordinary Shares.

With the Exception of the Ordinary Shares taken by the Subscribers of the Memorandum of Association and the Directors, the whole of the Ordinary Shares will be issued in part payment of the purchase money.

DEBENTURE STOCK.

ISSUE OF £325,000 FOUR-AND-A-HALF PER CENT. PERPETUAL FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE STOCK.

£140,000 of the issue is reserved for the Debenture Stockholders of Boardman's Breweries, Limited, to be exchanged for a similar nominal amount of Debenture Stock held by them in that Company.

The balance £185,000 of the issue is now offered for subscription at the price of 108 per cent.

The Debenture Stock will be registered in the books of the Company, and the interest will be payable half-yearly on January 1st and July 1st.

Interest up to date on the £140,000 stock and on the allotment monies (less premium) on the £185,000 stock will be paid on the 31st July, 1896, from which date both portions of the stock will rank alike for payment of interest, the first payment, which will be for five months, being made on the 1st January, 1897.

The Debenture Stock and the interest thereon will be secured by a first mortgage to the trustees for the debenture stockholders of the freehold, copyhold, and leasehold properties now purchased by the Company, and by a first floating charge (subject to a power reserved to charge further issues on hereditaments subsequently acquired) on all the other assets present and future (but not including uncalled capital) of the Company.

The Bank above-mentioned is authorized to receive subscriptions at the price of 108 per cent. for £185,000 of the above First Mortgage Debenture Stock, and at par for the above £225,000 Five and One-half per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares, payable as follows:—

DEBENTURE STOCK.	
£5 per cent. on application.	
53 " (including premium) on allotment.	
50 " on July 31st, 1896.	

PREFERENCE SHARES.	
£10 0 0 per share on application.	
4 10 0 " on allotment.	
5 0 0 " July 31st, 1896.	
£10 0 0	

Payment in full may be made on allotment, and as regards the Debenture Stock under a discount of 2 per cent. per annum.

TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE STOCKHOLDERS.

Walter Martin Musgrave, J.P. (John Musgrave & Sons, Limited), Bolton.
Frederick Howard Allen (London and Midland Bank, Limited), 79 King Street, Manchester.

DIRECTORS.

Harry Birkett Boardman, Chairman of Boardman's Breweries, Limited, and Director of the North of England Brewery Syndicate, Limited.
John William Saynor, Bury, Director of the North of England Brewery Syndicate, Limited.
Edwin Alfred Rothwell, brewer, Hulme, Manchester.
John Greenwood, wine and spirit merchant, Halifax.
Fred. Greenwood } Greenwood Brothers, Brewers, Bradford.
John Young Greenwood }

BANKERS.

The London and Midland Bank, Limited, 79 King Street, Manchester.

SOLICITORS TO THE VENDOR SYNDICATE.

Grundy, Kershaw, Saxon, & Sampson, 31 Booth Street, Manchester, and 4 New Court, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.

SOLICITORS TO THE COMPANY.

Walker & Rowe, 8 Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

Linton, Clarke, & Co., Bartholomew House, London, E.C.
Mewburn & Barker, 13 Pall-mall, Manchester.
Staveacre & Walton, Haworth's Buildings, Cross Street, Manchester.

AUDITORS.

Butcher, Litton, & Pownall, Chartered Accountants, 42 Spring Gardens, Manchester.
James Duff & Whitham, Chartered Accountants, Halifax and Bradford.

SECRETARY—D. C. DAVIES.

REGISTERED OFFICE.—9-13 Examiner Buildings, Manchester.

PROSPECTUS.

THE Company is formed to take over as going concerns and amalgamate the following well-known Brewery and Wine and Spirit Businesses in Manchester, Bolton, Bradford, and Halifax.

1. Boardman's Breweries, Limited, Manchester and Bolton.
2. E. A. Rothwell, brewer, Hulme, Manchester.
3. John Greenwood, wine and spirit merchant, Halifax.
4. J. O. and J. Wood, brewers, Denholme, near Bradford.
5. Greenwood Brothers, brewers, Bradford.
6. The Crown Brewery Company, brewers, Bradford.
7. Piccadilly (Manchester), Limited, wine and spirit merchants, Manchester.

In the case of Piccadilly (Manchester) Limited, the Company acquires all the shares in that company, which will be held in the names of trustees.

The freehold, copyhold, and leasehold public-houses and beerhouses included in the amalgamation are 162 in number, in addition to which there are upwards of 43 shops with off-licences, and upwards of 50 short leaseholds, and a large number of dwelling-houses, shops, and other properties.

The aggregate trade done by the concerns acquired is very extensive. It will be observed that the auditors certify that the barrellage of the breweries amounted during the last full year to 56,347 barrels, and that the trade in wines and spirits of the businesses numbered 3 and 7 amounted to £22,000.

The Directors intend to extend the wine and spirit trade by supplying the various houses owned by the Company.

The properties to be acquired have been valued, on the Syndicate's instructions, by Messrs. Lomax, Sons, & Mills, valuers, Manchester, and Bolton-le-Moors, who report as follows:—

8 King Street, Manchester, June 19th, 1896.

We have made a careful valuation of the breweries known as the Derby Arms, Commission Street, Russell Street, Denholme Gate and Caledonia Breweries, situate in Manchester, Bolton, and in or near Bradford, in the Counties of Lancaster and York, with the malting, fixed plant, machinery and rolling stock held in connexion therewith and of 49 fully-licensed public-houses, wine and spirit stores, 113 beer-houses, and 43 shops with off-licences, nearly all of which are either freehold, copyhold, or long leasehold, the leases in most cases being for 990 years and upwards; also of the interest in the lease held by Piccadilly (Manchester) Limited, and in upwards of 50 other short leaseholds and several tenancies, together with chief and ground rents, shops, residences, cottages, warehouse and other property; also the fixtures and trade fittings contained in a number of the houses.

The licensed properties are principally situated in densely-populated localities within easy distance of the breweries.

We are of opinion that the present value thereof is Five Hundred and Three Thousand Two Hundred Pounds (£503,200), which includes barrels, horses, drays, &c., of the value of Nine Thousand Five Hundred and Seventy Pounds (£9,570).

(Signed) LOMAX, SONS, & MILLS.

The accounts of the businesses have been examined and reported upon by Messrs. Butcher, Litton, & Pownall, chartered accountants, Manchester. The following is a copy of their certificate:—

42 Spring Gardens, Manchester, 19th June, 1896.

We have examined the books and accounts of Boardman's Breweries, Limited, Manchester and Bolton; J. O. & J. Wood, brewers, of Denholme, Yorkshire; Greenwood Brothers, Caledonia Brewery, Bradford, Yorkshire; the Crown Brewery, Bradford, Yorkshire; E. A. Rothwell, brewer, Russell Street, Hulme, Manchester; John Greenwood, wine and spirit merchant, Halifax; and Piccadilly (Manchester), Limited, wine and spirit merchants, Manchester.

We certify that the net yearly profits of the seven businesses to be combined, taken in the case of six of them on the basis of the firms' last financial year, and in the case of the seventh, which has been started more recently than the others, for the year ending 1st August next, on an average of the eight months ending 1st April, to which date stock was taken, amount to £33,144 16s. 2d. This profit is arrived at after providing for all trade charges and depreciation on machinery and plant and rolling stock, but not for interest on capital.

In the case of one of the businesses, we have eliminated from the accounts a loss of £14,435 15s. 2d. incurred in connexion with one special property which has now been sold, and which loss will, therefore, not be a charge against the profits in future.

We certify that the sales of beer for the year covered by our certificate amounted to 56,347 barrels, and that the trade in wine and spirits done by Piccadilly (Manchester), Limited, and John Greenwood during their last year amounted to at least £22,000.

Our examination into the various businesses convinces us that large savings must, under proper management, inevitably result from the amalgamation, and that a considerable increase in trade may be expected in the case of some of the businesses as the effect of recent purchases and extensions now in progress.

We have had recourse to us an estimate showing that such savings and increased trade should amount to an increased profit of at least £5,150 per annum, and we consider the estimate a reasonable one.

(Signed) BUTCHER, LITTON, & POWNALL.

The estimate referred to in Messrs. Butcher, Litton, & Pownall's certificate has been prepared by Mr. Saynor, one of the directors, who is a practical brewer, and the other directors, who also are all practical men, and have been concerned in some or other of the various businesses acquired by the Company, are confident that Mr. Saynor's figures will be realised.

The businesses, goodwill, and properties have been acquired from the various owners by the North of England Brewery Syndicate, Limited (herein for brevity referred to as the Syndicate), who are reselling the same at a profit. The price fixed by the Syndicate, who are the promoters of the Company, to be paid to them by the Company, is £653,200 in addition to the premium on the £185,000 debenture stock offered for subscription. £108,000 of the purchase price is to be paid in fully-paid ordinary shares, £140,000 is to be satisfied by the issue to the existing debenture stockholders of Boardman's Breweries, Limited, of the £140,000 Debenture Stock of this Company, reserved for that purpose as above stated, and the balance is payable in cash. The Company has, in addition to this, to pay for stocks and book debts at a valuation.

The proceeds (less premium) of the £185,000 debenture stock and of the shares, other than the shares to be issued in part payment of purchase price, will, after providing the cash portion of the purchase price, leave a balance of £46,800 cash applicable for expenses payable by the Company for payment of the stock, and book debts to be taken at a valuation, and for further working capital.

The Debenture Stock and Preference Shares, it will thus be observed, will be represented by assets valued by Messrs. Lomax, Sons, & Mills	£503,200
Cash applicable as aforesaid	46,800
	£550,000

The profits certified by Messrs. Butcher, Litton, & Pownall are	£33,144
The estimated profits by savings and increased trade amount to	5,150
Making together	£38,294
To pay the interest on the 4½ Perpetual First Mortgage Debenture Stock requires	£14,625
To pay the Preference dividend requires	12,375
	27,000

Leaving a balance of £11,294

The premium on the £185,000 Debenture Stock will, upon allotment, be paid over to the Syndicate. The balance of the proceeds of such stock will remain under the control of the trustees for the debenture stockholders until final completion of the purchase of the various properties, and will only be drawn upon by the Company in proportionate parts to be certified by the valuers as and when properties are conveyed.

The Syndicate pay the expenses of forming the Company, including printing and advertising, accountants' and valuers' charges, remuneration to the solicitors (as to which in the case of the Syndicate's solicitors before-named an agreement dated the 12th day of May, 1896, has been made between the Syndicate and such solicitors under the Solicitors' Remuneration Act, 1881), brokerage and commissions for guaranteeing the subscription of £185,000 debenture stock and the preference shares, and, in fact, all expenses up to allotment, except stamp duties and registration duties and fees, and the Company's costs of conveyance, which are to be paid by the Company.

The following contracts have been entered into:—Contract dated 12th May, 1896, made between Boardman's Breweries, Limited, of the one part, and the Syndicate of the other part for the purchase of Boardman's Breweries, Limited. Contract dated 22nd May, 1896, made between Fred Greenwood and John Young Greenwood of the one part and the Syndicate of the other part for the purchase by the Syndicate of the business of Messrs. Greenwood Brothers. Contract dated 22nd May, 1896, made between William Wallace of the one part and the Syndicate of the other part for the purchase by the Syndicate of the business of the Crown Brewery Company. Contract dated 27th May, 1896, made between John Greenwood of the one part and the Syndicate of the other part for the purchase by the Syndicate of the business of the said John Greenwood. Contract dated 30th May, 1896, made between John Overend Wood and Joseph Wood of the one part and the Syndicate of the other part for the purchase by the Syndicate of the business of Messrs. J. O. & J. Wood. Contract dated 10th June, 1896, made between Edwin Alfred Rothwell of the one part and the Syndicate of the other part, for the purchase by the Syndicate of the business of the said Edwin Alfred Rothwell. Contract dated 25th June, 1896, made between the Syndicate of the one part and the Company of the other part for the purchase by the Company of the business of the Crown Brewery Company. Contract dated 1st July, 1896, between the Syndicate and Messrs. Linton, Clarke, & Co., guaranteeing the subscription of the above £185,000 debenture stock. Contract dated 1st July, 1896, between the Syndicate and Messrs. Staveacre & Walton guaranteeing the subscription of the preference shares.

Continued from page 28.

In addition to the agreement and contracts above mentioned, there are numerous agreements entered into by the owners of the various properties sold to the Syndicate, and resold to the Company, including agreements with landlords, tenants, employees, and others, and the Syndicate has entered into various contracts and arrangements with regard to the acquisition of the shares in Piccadilly (Manchester), Limited, the various payments undertaken by the Syndicate, and the division of the profits made on the resale and the conduct of its business. Of all these contracts, engagements, and arrangements, applicants for shares shall be deemed to have had notice, and in respect thereof to have waived, and shall waive all failure to comply with Section 35 of the Companies Act, 1867.

Where no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full. If the amount allotted is less than that applied for, the balance of the deposit will be applied towards payment of the amount due on allotment. Failure to pay an instalment will render the previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Application will be made to the Committees of the London and Manchester Stock Exchanges for a settlement and quotation in due course.

A print of the memorandum and articles of association of the Company, the certificate of Messrs. Butcher, Litton, & Pownall, the valuation of Messrs. Lomax, Sons & Mills, copies of the above specifically mentioned agreement and contracts, and a printed draft of the trust deed to secure the Debenture Stock, can be seen at the offices of the Company's solicitors.

Applications must be made on the form appended and sent with the deposit to the bankers.

Prospectuses and forms of application may be obtained at the offices of the bankers, solicitors, brokers, and auditors to the Company.

Manchester, 1st July, 1896.

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RADLEY COLLEGE, Scholarships 1896. Two of £80, one of £50, one of £40. Election, July 17. For particulars apply to the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up not less than EIGHT RESIDENT and FIVE NON-RESIDENT SCHOLARSHIPS and THREE valuable EXHIBITIONS will take place in July next. Details may be obtained from the HEAD-MASTER, 19 Dean's Yard, Westminster.

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ARMY, CIVIL SERVICE, and ALL UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.—Dr. NORTHCOTT'S Classes will be continued without interruption throughout the Summer.—Rochester House, Ealing.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.—THE TECHNICAL EDUCATION BOARD is prepared to receive applications for the appointment of PRINCIPAL of the Central School of Arts and Crafts, which it is proposed to open in October next. The general conduct of the School will be in the hands of the Board's Art advisers, Mr. G. Frampton, A.R.A., and Mr. W. R. Lethaby. The duties of the Principal will be to organise and direct the Classes under the general guidance of the Art Advisers, to be generally responsible for the conduct of the School, and to teach some branch of Art in its application to architecture or the crafts. The school will be both a Day and Evening School, and the Principal will be expected to be present generally when the School is open. It is proposed that the salary should be fixed at from £300 to £400 per annum according to the duties undertaken.

Forms of application can be obtained from the undersigned, and should be received not later than first post on Tuesday, July 14.
13 Spring Gardens, S.W. WM. GARNETT,
July 1, 1896. Secretary of the Board.

FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND. CITY OF LONDON.

THE COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the CITY of LONDON will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, July 14, 1896, at Half-past One o'clock precisely, to receive Tenders for taking on BUILDING LEASE for a term of 99 years the piece of valuable FREEHOLD GROUND, situate on the East side of Peter Lane, at the corner of West Harding Street, particulars of which with conditions and printed forms of Building Agreement may be obtained at this office.

Tenders should be sealed and endorsed outside, "Tender for Vacant Land Peter Lane"; they must be addressed to the undersigned and delivered before One o'clock on July 14 next.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any tender. Persons sending in proposals should attend the aforesaid meeting of the Commissioners, and be prepared to execute an agreement and bond at the same time agreeably to the Conditions above referred to.

Guildhall,
June 1896.

H. MONTAGUE BATES,
Principal Clerk to the said Commissioners.

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The property comprises the following Leases or Blocks, namely:

Joker Block	Lease No. 111 about 12 acres.
The Ace	" 142 " 15 "
Left Bower	" 141 " 24 "
Right Bower	" 112 " 12 "
Lady Elgion	" 113 " 12 "
Australian United	" 121 " 12 "
Star of Bilbertha	" 188 " 24 "
King of Diamonds	" 169 " 12 "
Queen of Diamonds (not yet registered)	" 18 " "
Full Hand	" 12 " "
Royal Flush	" 12 " "

The above leases or blocks adjoin the property of the Joker (Yalgoo) Gold Mines, Limited, as shown in the sketch plan accompanying this Prospectus.

Mr. FOWLER, M.E., in his report to the West Australian Venture Syndicate, Limited, dated April 25, 1896, states as follows:

The Joker lode passes right through and beyond the Right Bower, No. 112, Lady Elgion, No. 113, Australian United, No. 121, Star of Bilbertha, and two other leases, the last of which is No. 188, and may easily be traced for a considerable distance northward of these properties. To the south the lode does not appear in the low ground of plain, and, so far as I know, no ground has been taken up in that direction.

The Joker Reef appears to be the main reef, but there is another very powerful one running through the Queen of Hearts, No. 143, Joker Block, No. 111, and the Ace, No. 142. Very little work has been done on this lode, which, at the narrowest point, was 18 ft. in width in the Ace, and in the Joker Block was at least 60 ft., which was exposed in a costean.

The adjacent country rock on the footwall side appears to be a felsitic porphyry, but the main or principal geological rock in this district is a micaceous slate.

The lode that runs through the Miner's Right, No. 75, which belongs to the Joker Company, is also of great size. A sample taken across the lode formation, which is a decomposed talcose schist, exposed by a costean for at least 15 feet without either wall appearing, gave a good show on panning.

I think that most of the gold is carried by the thin iron veins (very numerous) which run through the formation. The lode here appears to be the same as that in the Left Bower, and the same characteristics occur, and the direction corresponds to the ground in the King of Diamonds, where the lode is of very great size, and where a shaft is being sunk to cut it.

There is also a lode coming into the Lady Elgion from the north-east, on which, however, no work has been done.

In view of the extraordinary find on the Joker Mine, the lode of which is traceable through the first-mentioned properties, I can strongly recommend them as a most promising speculation, and would also suggest that you secure all the properties above mentioned and work them, if possible, under one management, as there are several points along the reefs from which they could be attacked simultaneously from the sides of the hill without the expenditure of either much money or time, and I think there is every likelihood of good gold shoots being found at several points.

The developments going on at the Joker will be a most valuable guide in mining operations on these properties, and as I learn that the works on the Joker are going to be proceeded with in an energetic manner, both as to mining and water supply, you have a distinct advantage.

I do not think there will be any doubt as to water being met with sufficient for battery and other purposes.

A copy only of the above report is in the possession of the Directors, the original having been retained by the Agent of the West Australian Venture Syndicate, Limited, at Perth.

On June 8, 1896, the following telegram was received by the Directors of the Joker (Yalgoo) Gold Mines, Limited (whose property adjoins the properties to be acquired as shown in the plan), from Mr. Bowes Scott, M.E., and Mr. Fridham, M.E. The telegram refers to the property of the Joker (Yalgoo) Gold Mines, Limited.

Joker—We are of opinion that the mine is phenomenal, and if it continues to open as in past, it will prove one of the greatest in the country. The indications clearly point to such continuations. Sufficient water can be procured to run 500 head of stamps, which should be required.

The plan accompanying prospectus is a copy of a sketch plan forwarded to London by the Managing Director of the West Australian Venture Syndicate, Limited; it shows the position of the several properties to be acquired by the Company, and their position as regards the run of the Joker and other lodes traversing the property.

The West Australian Venture Syndicate, Limited, and the other Exploration Companies allied with it, who are the Vendors, have undertaken to pay all the expenses of forming and floating the Company up to allotment, except fees and duties on registration and transfer, and have fixed the price to be paid for the properties at £200,000, payable as to £195,000 in fully-paid Shares and as to £5,000 in cash.

The whole of the present issue having been privately subscribed, no further applications for Shares will be received, this Prospectus being published for public information only.

The following contract has been entered into in regard to the property, viz.: An agreement, dated June 29, 1896, and made between the West Australian Venture Syndicate, Limited, on behalf of itself and the Exploration Companies with which it is connected, of the one part and the Company of the other part.

Certain other contracts and arrangements have been entered into by or on behalf of the Vendors as to the acquisition of the properties, the promotion of the Company, the subscription of its Capital, and otherwise, to none of which the Company is a party, and applicants for Shares will be deemed to have had notice of the contents of same, and to have waived their right, if any, to particulars thereof, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

Some of the Directors are Directors of or Shareholders in the West Australian Venture Syndicate, and the Exploration Companies with which it is connected, namely: The West Australian Mines Development Syndicate, Limited; the Anglo-German Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited; the Anglo-French Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited; the Anglo-American Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited; the Anglo-Netherland Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited; the Anglo-Scandinavian Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited; the Anglo-Belgian Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited; the Anglo-Austrian Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited.

London, June 29, 1896.

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